

MAGAZINE



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A MAGAZINE OF OFTIMISM

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Old Series

NOVEMBER 190

New Series Volume II, No. 5

THANKSGIVING. 608

Give thanks? What for? Why, man alive, you don't mean to say You're down in the dumps this Thanksgiving Day?

That things have not quite been coming vour wav

And you don't feel inclined to be ally and gav?

Give thanks? Gee whiz Why on earth do you sur? If you're looking for ouble, there is no doubt

You can get all y ant when you're down and or

For many are anxihare in the bout.

Give thanks? Look here, It's a tonic you need, You know the old verse, If you do not succeed at the first time of trying, Keep on till the deed is successfully finished

And you're in the lead.

Give thanks? Why not! Just look all around, The country The people The crops

And the sound of prosperity reaching North

South East and West

And all should be thankful-And you with the rest.

Give thanks? Cheer up; Get a move on, you know Stand in line! Now attention! Quick march!

(if you go. Head Up-Chest expanded-With fear of no foe, You'll always be ready for weal or for woe.

Give thanks? What for? What! Still you ask. What for? Look here, young man, this earth is big, There's room for every one to dig Both fame and fortune out of her. We've found it out, Beyond a doubt: And so we say
This is the day
To yen Hurrah! Hip, Hip, iTurrah!! And yet because you've got the hump And in your throat there sticks a lump Of some hing what, I do not know Or care -it only goes to show That so h as you

Should never view The godly things This season brings. At estive board O serf or lord The turkey, and the cranb'ry sauce, and pumpkin pie with this, of course.

Give thanks That cranks Like you Are few And far between. And it would seem That as we've tumbled to your worth We'd best tell you-

Off

The

Earth.

HURDITCH.

.....

Banking in the Future

By J. A. GRAVES, Vice-President of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, Los Angeles

.....



STORY is told on an Arizona cattle-man, whom we will call Jim, who is said to have met a life-long friend of his in Prescott, whom we will call Ben. "Jim," said Ben, "I am going to start a bank; don't you want

to start a bank; don't you want to chip in \$5000?" "Why, certainly," said Jim. "I will play any game you deal. Come around to Dinkelspiel's and I will get you the money, as I am going out of town." Dinkelspiel ran a general merchandise store, and like many merchants in frontier towns. banked for his patrons. They went to Dinkelspiel's and Jim got Ben his \$5000 and that day left for his ranch. From there he went up into Nevada on some cattle deal and did not get back to Prescott for four months. On his return he met Ben, who said, "Why, hello, Jim; why haven't you been around to the bank?" "I have been away," said Jim. "Well, come around now," said Ben. "All right, let me go get heeled and I will tackle your game." They went to Dinkelspiel and he got himself a few hundred dollars in loose change, strapped on his gun and they started for the bank. It was located in a good building, on a corner, and Ben was enthusiastic in his praise of the bank, its location and business. They stood on the sidewalk while Ben showed him the building. Jim took it all in, and finally said: "Look here, Ben, isn't this a pretty public location for this sort of a game?" "Oh, no," said Ben; "you must have a public place for a bank." "But don't the police bother you?" said Jim. "Oh, no," said Ben; "they give us the fullest protection." They went in through the lobby and finally behind the counter. Ben showed him the vaults, furniture, money stacked up and the clerks at work. Jim listened and finally said: "This looks all right; you have got plenty of tally men here, but where is your layout and chips?" "Oh, this is not a faro bank," said Ben. "This is a commercial bank. I gave up dealing faro years ago." Jim's face hardened, his eyes took on a peculiar look, he laid his hands on Ben's shoulders, and in an injured voice, with much earnestness, said to him, "Ben, after our long years of friendship, do you pretend to say that you blew

my money into a skin bank like this, that charges interest and don't give a fellow a chance to gamble for his money?"

Now, I don't pretend to have been 2s green about the business as our friend Jir when I was approached to engage in the banking business, but I do confess that the interior workings of a bank were to me extremely mysterious when I graduated from the bar to the position of a banker less than one year ago.

Banking in the Future. I take it that history will repeat itself in banking as in other matters. We will have in the future banks poorly managed by reckless officials, which will fail, as banks similarly managed in the past and at the present time have failed. We will then, as now, occasionally have defaulting cashiers and dishonest bank presidents; we will have, as we have had in the past, and are now having, banks wrecked by tricksters and politicians, masquerading under the name of nkers, with friends to reward and enemi

We will have the as as we have always had them, buil in foundations as solid as the rock of Gibraltar, honestly and conservatively managed, which will be the pride and strength of the financial world, and which will be patronized by all classes with equal feelings of gratitude and security.

One thing is certain, if our present prosperity continues, we will have more banks in the future per capita than we have now, and they will be run on a smaller margin of profits than rule in banking circles today and they may earn less money for their stockholders. True, the volume of business of the country, and of its banks, will increase as our population becomes denser, and this increase will materially augment the bank's earning powers, thus offsetting losses in the other direction.

The banks are utilized today for many purposes never dreamed of twenty years ago, and the purposes for which they will be utilized in the future will multiply rapidly. The collection of mercantile accounts, that once fell to the lawyers, commercial associations and express companies, is now almost monopolized by the banks, and you

must expect further expansion along these lines.

Bank losses will be smaller in the future than they are now. Theoretically, banks should not make any losses. Practically, they do make them. But these losses can be, and will be, avoided by closer inspection of loans and securities.

Banking is a commercial business, with money as the chief commodity dealt in. A bank loans money to its customers for a remuneration called interest, and cashes checks and drafts on other banks, often in distant lands, for a remuneration called exchange. Now, it is nonsense of the highest degree for a bank to make a loan without ample security, either personal or collateral, or to cash a draft without knowing that the drawer and drawee are perfectly solvent, and that the drawer has a right to draw. But, you say, if you don't make the loans demanded, you will lose the business! All right, unless you feel that you will get your money with interest at the stipulated time, lose the business. Let the other fellow have it. Rejoice that some other banker wants it. Anxiety to do business and unhealthy competition cause more losses in the mercantile world, and in the banking business, than all other evils together. Learn early in your banking life that you can't lose money on the business you don't do. I believe that if you take all of the losses incurred by the banks of this city in the past five years, analyze them closely, probe them to the bottom, you will find that in every case the borrower was not entitled to the credit extended to him when the loan was made. There will be fewer poor loans in the future than have been made in the past or are made at the present time. As before stated, business will be done on a closer margin of profits, less risks will be taken by bankers, and loans will be scrutinized more closely than they are now. The paying capacity of the borrower will be better understood. The efficiency of mercantile agencies will be increased until the standing of every man throughout the country, accurately reported, will be kept on tap for instant use, and banks will be better informed as to the resources of their clients. In other words, as the science of banking is improved, the banker will be at all times better informed than at present as to how not to make bad loans. Already surety companies exist that insure merchants against loss through bad accounts. This protection will, in time, be extended to bank loans.

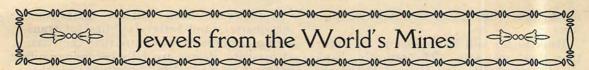
I predict that banks will have better banking quarters and better facilities for transacting business in the future than they have at present. People are daily becoming more extravagant and more luxurious in their tastes, and the banks must cater to this sentiment by having their surroundings attractive and up-to-date. You see evidence of this improvement on all sides of you in this city, and I am pleased to say that the modern banking-rooms lately fitted up and being fitted up here will compare favorably with those of the largest money centers of the world. It is well that this should be so. Good banking rooms, with proper sanitary arrangements, will add to the health and happiness and longevity of every employee of the banking institution. You can do better work in a modern banking room than in one less comfortably arranged.

Another thing you can rely on, the banks of the future will be, if not owned, largely controlled and managed by the bank clerks of today. When we old graybeards lay down the burdens we now carry, or pay our debt to nature and are gathered to our fathers, those of you who have been thoroughly trained and tried, who show ability and stability of character, and are absolutely honest, will take our places. Your Institute of Bank Clerks ought to make you better bankers than your predecessors.

Prepare yourselves, by hard labor, by observation, by taking advantage of the mistakes of the past and of the present to perform the duties that the future has in store for you. Remember that hard labor is the only royal road to success. Remember that you are engaged in a calling where character counts; where honesty is not only appreciated, but is an absolute necessity; where self-sacrifice is demanded and untiring industry is a good stock in trade. Do your duty with a will. Do it thoroughly. Cultivate habits of caution, courtesy, sobriety, affability, and, above all, firmness and quickness of decision. When you assume the helm, you must be able to say no, as well as yes, and say it promptly.

Do these things and do them well, and a large share of the banking world of the future, with all its great powers, privileges and responsibilities, will be yours—yours to tear down and destroy, if you are weak, lax or criminal; or to preserve, to foster, to improve, to build up, if you are strong, vigilant and honest in your management.

Keep a little ahead of progress.



Concentration is as impossible to a man who does not love his business as it is to one whose occupation requires more gray matter than he possesses.

The majority of failures are due to the lack of ability to fasten the whole attention of the mind upon one thing long enough to effect its accomplishment.

Genius is a flash of mind-fire that enables men to shine brilliantly in one thing.

Perseverance is the steel-bending, rocksmashing power that characterizes the fighter who wins.

Take counsel with those whose ideas are broad.

Many a man owes his success in life to the moment when he improved an opportunity to be alone and think.

Gambling is that form of traffic in which a man has no opportunity to protect himself; speculation is the element of uncertainty rather than chance; trade is dealing with merchandise having an established commercial value.

Never lose your nerve for the battle of life

Stand up today in a hurry; yesterday you nearly broke the chair sitting in it.

The world could be made very happy if every individual would realize that it is absolutely unnecessary to make any one unhappy.

The price of success is hardship, study, application, effort and determination.

We first make our habits, then our habits make us.

Each success makes the next test easier. There is no more contemptible type than the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed.

Stocks that have been watered do not make much of a showing on the financial clothesline when they are hung out to dry.

The wise man learns from failures of others and himself.

A sad-eyed sneerer is of no use to anyone and a nuisance to himself.

Good thoughts are very good, but unaccompanied by the difficult processes of character, they are often no better than soapbubbles. It is when we sit down to cry that we think of all the chances we have missed to laugh.

There are a great many people who are sure of heaven but who are still in no hurry to go there.

The hardest thing to win in the world is your own self-respect.

Saying is good, doing is better, but being the best of all.

Intuition is the great white light which can penetrate the darkness and shine on.

Have a purpose—and a purpose which will benefit others.

If some people only spoke their minds they wouldn't have so much to say.

Work with song and gladness; rejoice in all the life that is yours, and you will no longer exhaust yourself in fighting shadows.

A shrewd man can build a great reputation, using caution as a cornerstone.

Doing things is more profitable than talking about them.

We know nothing now, but five hundred years hence we may begin to suspect.

It is a real pleasure to do business with intelligence, but what a waste of energy to undertake to break up virgin mental soil that has grown nothing but the weeds of superstition, intrigue and graft.

Work is only a means; character is the

Wisdom is an imaginary attribute of those who know little, which exists in the minds of those who know nothing.

Solitude is a place where they never advertise.

Hard work is no small part of genius.

Failure is only a nudge in the ribs to the wise.

Many a man's mind, like the garret, is filled with useless things.

Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm. It is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus. It moves stones. It charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity and truth accomplishes no victory without it.

When you see a man take his hat off to you, it is a sign that he respects you. But when he is seen divesting himself of his coat, you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.

The Man Who Does It

By C. A. S. DWIGHT

Blessings on the man who does it! There is the man who doubts it. Lions are in the way; objections to the plan are many; people are not prepared for it; "the time is not opportune;" it cannot be done in the way suggested. There is no use in doing anything anyhow—so says, or thinks if he does not say, the man who doubts.

There is the man who dreams about it. The thing to be done looms before his gaze like a mirage across the sea; courts his vision like a rainbow in the sky; dances before him like a coaxing will-o'-the-wisp; thrills his fancy like a rhythmical poem—but the dream does not become a reality, the ideal is never realized.

There is the man who discusses it. Yes, it should be done, it may possibly be done, but there are many ways of doing it, and it is uncertain which is the best way; so precious time is wasted in endless debatings over ways and means. The mind meanders among methods; the judgment is confused by contradictory arguments for this or that; discussion begets discussion; debate runs on; time spends itself in weary wordiness—and the thing remains undone.

There is the man who defers it. Pros and cons are weighed; difficulties are estimated, but not overestimated; visions of the desired success attract the fancy; all possible complications and drawbacks are discounted and defiled, and to act seems the only reasonable course—yet somehow procrastination paralyzes procedure, and after all the man does not do the thing.

There is the man who devolves it on a committee. That nine times out of ten is tantamount to killing the project altogether. The committee meets—after a while—discovers there is not a quorum present and adjourns to meet again. It next appoints a sub-committee, but on the night when the "sub" is to report a thunderstorm or a blizzard supervenes; the report, when read, is recommitted; when finally considered in full committee, it is endlessly amended, and —before vacation scatters the members—the matter never comes to a head or to a vote—and is there "in committee" yet.

But, fortunately for civilization and the kingdom of God (two very important interests of humanity), says the Christian Advocate, there is, here and there, the man who does it. While others think, he toils; while others dream, he digs or designs; while others confer, he constructs; while the multitude marvel, he masters men and events. He is a bringer of things to pass.

Sometimes the man who does it does not do it in the best way, and oftentimes he runs very great risks in doing it at all, but future generations bless him for acting where others argued, and for assuming the responsibility of deeds where his fellows lost themselves—and their cause—in doubts and debates. In every successful man there is somewhat of the quality of a Napoleon or a Nelson. The essence of the higher life lies in the will to do it. "It is duty." And "duty" is the thing to be done.

Pitfalls for Unwary Promoters

The man who does not know how to raise money to start an enterprise usually tries two things: asks the people he knows and, failing there, advertises for capital. Talking with people of means with whom one has acquaintance is an excellent method, and may succeed; but the man who advertises for money digs pitfalls for himself of which he is too often all unaware. All sorts of sharks open their great hungry mouths for him, hoping to feast on the few dollars that he may have, holding forth to him the hope that by spending the money with them, the capital will be obtained. He will be advised by one that, if he can put up a few hundred dollars to form a company, the selling of the stock and providing of the money will be easy. Another tells him that if a certain expert, who charges \$100, or \$250, or some other large fee, will pass favorably on his proposition, certain large interests will back it with any amount, says Moody's Magazine.

If it is a machine or invention, some sharper is pretty sure to connect him with a model maker or patent attorney whose chief business is to bleed clients. Every searcher for capital who advertises has to run the gauntlet of this class of swindlers, who want to take advantage of his enthusiasm, and lead him on to spending money with them or with their co-conspirators.



BB 369

The Poets' Nook 38.50



The Devil

By Rev. Alfred J. Hough

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow

To be found on earth or in air today, for the world has voted so.

But who is it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,

And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land today with the fiery breath of hell,

If the devil isn't and never was, won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows his wheat?

The devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;

But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a roaring lion now;

But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row

To be heard in Church, in home, and State, to earth's remotest bound,

If the devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow, and show

How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone;

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on!

After All

We take our share of fretting,
Of grieving and forgetting;
The paths are often rough and steep,
And heedless feet may fall.
But yet the days are cheery,
And night brings rest when weary,
And somehow this old planet is
A good world after all.

Though sharp may be our trouble,
The joys are more than double.
The brave surpass the cowards, and
The leal are like a wall
To guard their dearest ever,
To fail the feeblest never,
And somehow this old earth remains
A bright world after all.

There's always love that's caring,
And shielding and forbearing,
Dear woman's love to hold us close
And keep our hearts in thrall;
There's home to share together
In calm or stormy weather,
And while the hearth-flame burns it is
A good world after all.

The lisp of children's voices,
The chance of happy choices,
The bugle sounds of hope and faith,
Through fogs and mists that call.
The heaven that stretches o'er us,
The better days before us,
They all combine to make this earth

A good world, after all.

(M. E. Sangster.)

Life Between the Lines

Our life's a book, unsullied white; Each glowing day therein we write Of victories won, of battles lost; But he who reads knows not the cost

Of life between the lines.
We often think another's life
Free from all sorrow, toil or strife;
But all unwritten, all unknown,
He's labored oftentimes alone

In life, between the lines.

Between the lines! What does it mean
When from the page we think we glean
The motive of the writer's heart?
But deeper, nobler, lies his part

In life, between the lines.

Between the lines be sure you look
Before you judge another's book;
For there you'll find the inner life,
Its heart, its motives, and its strife

In life between the lines.

Another's faults we dare not blame,
For that which caused our brother's shame
Lies hidden 'neath his heart—we need
More loving sympathy, to read

His life between the lines.

(Cora Maxon-Knox.)

Guard-Mount

The night has come, and forth I fare To post the sentries of my prayer, Their silent watch to keep where'er My waking thoughts would be.

Upon a mountain-circled hill, Where cries the plaintive whippoorwill, Two prayers shall pace to keep from ill Whom God has given me;

Two more shall stand beside their door Who gave me birth, and two before Her hut who lights an alien shore With love's long ministry;

And two shall nightly vigil keep To bring us word who nightly weep If they do wake from their long sleep Beneath the linden tree;

To every door two more shall go
Where trouble threats, or lurking foe
Waits but the deep'ning dark to throw
His dart of misery.

And one in silent round I send From prayer to prayer, his aid to lend If there be special need to fend Against the enemy.

Forth to your posts, my sentinels, Till matin prayer's reveille-bells Give you relief, and daylight tells Where evil shadows flee.

—John Finley, in The Century.

Take Another Hold!

When trouble has you nearly down, And all the world seems one big frown, Then grit your teeth, though friends may scold;

Breathe hard and catch a better hold.

Once you let up, you're gone, be sure! Men worth their salt, grin and endure. Up with your head—defiant, bold! Reach higher for another hold.

S'pose things are bluer'n indigo; And you're the only lad used so? What though nine fail, where one succeeds?

"The tenth am I!" your lesson reads.

Then when you've fought your fight and won.

Don't "get too gay" with Fate—in fun;
But show some drooping soul, less bold
The way to catch a surer hold.

(W. P. Brown.)

The Student's Task

Pearls for the diver; for the miner, gold.
While to the earnest seeker, mighty truths untold.
As in the earth, the gold is mixed with dross,
So truth with error, with the crown, the cross.
To form the ocean tiny drops combine,
And lesser stars with mighty worlds may shine.
Though Raphael's glory rests upon but one,
Art still is art, and artists still paint on.
With hand unskilled, without a hope of fame,
To paint "The Student's Task" is now my aim.

'Tis not alone to con the dusty page,
And fill the brain with lore of other age,
To soar on eagle wings the stars among,
Or prate the jargon of an unknown tongue;
'Tis not for him to stand upon the beach,
Toying with shells which drift within his reach,
But dive, and bring forth gems of hidden truth,
A task not limited to age or youth.

He who stands idly on the ocean's strand, Must be content with shells which strew the sand, While he who dives beneath its thunder's roar, With precious pearls will ever reach the shore.

Pluck up thy boasted knowledge by the root, If with thy toil it yield no precious fruit. The path of wisdom hath been ever rough, and they who reach its heights are few enough; Yet stand not idly there with longing eye, Deeming the way too rough, the hill too high; Heed not the thorns which pierce thy weary feet, The fruit of strong endeavor shall be sweet.

The fruit of strong endeavor shall be sweet.

To plant the precious seed may be thy toil,
Thy spade the pen, and minds must be the soil.
Daily you dig and watch and tend with care,
Think of the fruit each mighty tree shall bear.
Poor foolish reckoner, not such thy gain,
The future shows the half thy toil is vain.
Look, only here and there a tiny shoot!
Dost wonder why so few have taken root?
Here note the soil, how shallow, there how rough;
Chide not thyself, thy work hath been enough;
But guard and tend yon tender slips aright
And precious fruit ere long shall meet thy sight.
E'en now a giant truth the world beholds,
Nor knows the wealth each tiny bud enfolds,
Sits day by day beneath its friendly shade.
And thinks, like Jonah's gourd, for this 'twas made;
Patience, and they who will not climb the tree
to eat,
Will taste the fruit when scattered at their feet.
Onward, right onward, now thy task begin.

Onward, right onward, now thy task begin, For they who toil with zeal and care shall win. While error stalks abroad with lifted hand, Striking at Truth and Right, where e'er they stand. 'Tis thine to act, where e'er thy path may lie, And raise a standard for the passerby. One truth the student cons with accent nice—"Eternal vigilance is freedom's price." May I not add one more to guide the youth? Eternal action is the price of truth.

LU SEMANS HADLEY.

Lest We Grow too Content

Lest we grow too content, Lest the joys of the world make the pain of regretting

To leave it too keen, we have sorrows that, fretting

Our souls with their cankerous gnawing, are given

Lest we grow too content.

As the pendulum swings

So our lives, ever pendant 'twixt laughter and sorrow,

Today swing in light and in darkness tomorrow;

The tears or the joys may be cut with the stroke

As the pendulum swings.

-Mabel Porter Pitts, in Overland Monthly.





Mental Sunshine By ELLEN R. C. WEBBER





I Will Help with All My Strength the Good that Is within Me.



EW, if any, live up the highest ideals which are vibrant within. That all possess this higher inner Ego-which hovers self—this guardian-like over the lower, physical, worldly self, each one may examine for himself, and

must acknowledge.

These high ideals are the call of the Ego, in fact, the call of soul hunger, the longing for something better, for that which is good, for freedom from evil-and upon the yielding of your physical self to these demands,

rests your soul growth.

Even should you not actually struggle to attain the heights to which the Ego calls, yet the influence of this constant whisper of something better is for the good and the growth of the soul, for the simple reason that even one good thought, one good desire, one earnest wish for good (which is true prayer) must of necessity, in obedience to the law of nature, lift upwards-just a little perhaps, but that little nearer to God and to heaven. And that little is true and lasting gain, for though the lower self should overwhelm you many times, not one step towards the higher plane, once gained, can be retraced or lost.

Is there temptation to falsehood? to intemperance? to dishonorable dealing? This is the call of the lower, physical self; and against the evil doing the Ego pleads.

Some name this pleading "the voice of conscience"-it is truly the voice of that which is divine within you; this Ego-or higher self—the ever-living part of you; that which is God-like, and which must, in course of time and nature, return to God.

Perhaps, against your higher self, you yield to the lower self, because the lower self was stronger; then have you builded on the downward path.

Or it may be, you called will power to your aid, and you resisted this physical worldly call-which you name temptationyielding instead to the spiritual self-the ego; then have you builded up strength of character, and soul growth, and a bit of that heaven which each makes or mars for himself day by day.

Even to the most depraved and sinful, the Ego calls to higher aims; and though in certain lines it may call apparently in vain, it insures that amount of good which leaves no man destitute of worth in the eyes of

The good that is within takes form in thoughts; so, too, does the evil within, which comes from the lower self.

That which is strongest, you will send forth into the world; and that will you be in the eyes of your fellow beings.

And on that side, too, will you build; for good thoughts will elevate, while evil

thoughts will degrade you.

To help with all one's strength the good that is within, may not raise your daily acts to the highest call of the Ego; because the Ego is always a little higher, a little in advance of that which the physical has attained. This is the law, this is the constant call for one step higher.

So do not be discouraged when it seems to you that circumstances and environment do not permit the living up to your best

ideals.

Perfection is not attained so quickly—nor even in one life.

Still, to resolutely help the good that is within you, is but to obey the call of that which is God-like in each human being, that spark of divinity which was given to human souls when God created them (and not the body) in "His image;" when he breathed into them life; the life that can never die, because it is the life of God himself, and must, upon its full development, return to

The greater the attainment of soul growth, the higher the ideals to which the Ego calls.

Do not confound ambitions with ideals for while the call of ambition serves its own good purpose, ambitions will change as ideals are attained.

At first, this resolute helping of the soul growth means many battles with temptation, much putting down of lower thoughts; a constant subduing of self and forgiving of enemies; a controlling of tongue and temper and an unceasing study to control one's self.

Whether you can see advance made or not, be of good courage and strong, for you have builded nobly-for yourself and for the world, and for that life which will follow this, just as surely as today followed yesterday and as tomorrow will follow today.

The Electric Plant Within You I SER I

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Send forth your heart's desire, and work and wait—

The opportunities of life are brought To our own doors, not by capricious fate, But by the strong, compelling force of thought.

It does not matter what your inheritance is. In spite of your environment, of your misfortunes, remember you can make your life a glorious thing if you bring into play all the powers which lie dormant within you.

You have touched an electric button and seen darkness turn into light. Well, just so you can turn the darkness about you into light if you find and learn how to touch the electric spark in your own being.

Your will power is the electric plant.

You may think it was not given to you, but it was.

Every portion of your body, brain and

soul is wired to this plant.

Study yourself and you will find a wonderful mechanism, and learn how to manipulate your spiritual batteries, and you will find health, happiness and success, all within your reach.

But shut your ears, and your mind, and your heart to all scoffing, to all doubting arguments of other people and keep to the purpose you have set forth upon—the pur-

pose of self-development.

There is no discouragement the writer of these words has not known. Hopes that seemed impossible, goals that seemed unattainable, dreams that seemed but mirages of the imagination, all have been realized by persistent faith, persistent pursuit, and persistent desire.

You will find as you first set forth in search of your goal that every obstacle will

be cast in your path.

That is simply the effort of the forces to try your strength. As you proceed, and persist, the obstacles will not be so frequent, or numerous, but they will become formidable.

That is percisely as the athletic trainer increases the weights and distances which his pupil is attempting to lift, or leap. Meet each new difficulty as a new trial of your ability and surmount it.

You may have to try over and over, but you can do it.

Ignore the old idea that opportunity comes but once to any man's door. You are creating hourly a continuous procession of opportunities. If mischievous fate seems to deprive you of utilizing one, another will come which is better for you.

There was a man who broke his leg in pursuit of the thing wanted. He believed the chance of his life lost, yet as he lay ill in bed the dormant talent he possessed burst into flower and made him fame and fortune.

This world is but an atom in space. Around it, and beyond it, lie innumerable other worlds, all filled with forces and powers and influences akin to us.

Ask that the worthiest emotions and aspirations of your mind and soul be vitalized and fortified by the worthiest of these influences. Ask this as you fall asleep at night, and note how well you sleep, and how rested you rise.

Then go forth to new endeavors and new achievements. You cannot fail in the long run. Hardship, disappointment, sorrow, discouragement, will all have to be overcome, but in the overcoming lies the proof of your strength.

The result lies with you. The Creator of all things stands back of you, and all that you seek you shall find, if you have patience and faith and persistence.

(N. Y. American.)

A Good Preventive of Disease

The suggestion of prime importance that prevents colds and other ills is—keep the body clean inside and outside, and to do this cast your foresight and insight into your body mechanism so deeply that the rubbish will be completely swept out every day instead of being piled up in the corners to invite more of the same sort that will surely overflow in the forms of ills that one ought to be ashamed of.

Substantial food—not rubbish—baths of pure air outside and inside, plenty of sunshine, exercise of some kind, water for drink and cleanliness, clothing not too close and heavy, and we may feel safe from the ravages of illness, that through the centuries has been a robber of family, home and purse—a tyrant making slaves of the great untaught, yet unteachable humanity.

(Dr. Ellen Goodell Smith.)

Music as Unto God By JENNIE A. BRISTOL-Part II



NE of the objections urged against a service purely of music is, we would lose the opportunity of teaching morality to the people. It would seem that morality might be taught in other ways and on other occasions than those

set apart for the worship of God. Is it not rather a lesson to be taught, first at home, then in school, and if these are not large enough opportunities, then in schools set apart for such a purpose, and by lectures and books? Shall we weight every service that should be a joyful and involuntary lifting of our souls to God with the necessity for teaching and learning morality? Rather, under a solemn, majestic, adoring service of perfect music, we might worship God "in spirit and in truth," and leave to other processes the teaching of morality-which, after all, cannot be imparted to a larger degree than our innate natures admit-the enjoyment of social intercourse, and the performance of our charitable impulses. These matters seem not properly factors in divine worship.

Another objection urged is that the "Church of Music" would be only an "art" worship. But the design is not to treat the music as an object, but only as a means of worship—a service under cover of which, as it were, to lift our hearts in pure desire for blessing to the invisible consciousness to which we instinctively turn with every unspoken longing that we know. It were no more just to call it "art" worship when the service is all music than when only part of it is music, and you might as well apply the term to the sermon, which is often a finished, artistic effort in oratory, or to the blossoms fringing the pulpit, themselves the highest of all art.

It is urged, too, that some people do not like music, which, doubtless, is true, but to so limited an extent that it would make no material difference in the case. The perfect service of music would satisfy many hearts, the number ever increasing as tastes were trained to appreciate the purpose and beauty of such a service, and to those that loved it not would be left other means of worship.

The "Church of Music" would be free

from a great stigma that is often cast upon a church membership under our present mode of worship, namely, the accusation that business advantage, or desire for social standing, prompted this or that individual to "join the church." All social intercourse should be forbidden in connection with the "Church of Music," and business interests would be in no manner served by membership therein. With a service of music there would be no room for the doctrinal sermon that every conscientious minister feels it his duty to preach occasionally, and which he does preach regardless of the fact that he forces it upon strangers and visitors who happen to be in attendance for the sole purpose of worshiping God.

Would not children grow to more symmetrical proportions spiritually if the lifelong training were this worshipful music? We all know the absorbing interest that most of them have in it. They now are sent, often alone, to a multiplicity of meetings, and are taught a variety of views. Would not this service of music instil into their hearts more of genuine reverence for things spiritual than the usual sermon, or the lesson in the Sunday-school? Both are too often mere speculation or opinion by those not perfectly grounded in theology, or not well prepared by study. It would seem that the fact of there being Sunday-schools and preaching services to an extent relieves parents of a certain amount of responsibility to teach morality and proper behavior to their children at home, a responsibility that it were really better not to free them from. With more of home training, a closer bond of sympathy would exist between parent and child; the parent would take a keener interest in the young life if more responsible for its training, would realize a greater desire to set an example worthy of the child's following; and the child would, in return for such interest and example, yield broadly its confidence to the parents, open its heart as a book to them, in which to write the fine desires they have for its future. We all know that after studying the different systems of theology there comes to many young hearts a season of confusion, ending in doubt. When this happens would you not rather have the youth gathered at twilight of each Sabbath into this glad, faultless service of music, than tempted to spend the day in a more frivolous manner? The temptation to doubt might never come, for the perfect liberty of thought that could prevail under such a service would free the mind from all restrictions of form and creed and allow it to flow in untrammeled worship to its God.

That we should make music the ladder on which to climb to heavenly heights seems natural for many reasons. Music is the most subtle, all-pervading element known to human consciousness, the very heart of na-

ture.

"Hark! how creation's deep musical chorus Unintermitting goes up into Heaven."

Wind and rain, woods and plains, mountains, valleys, ocean and river and animate nature unite in the song:

"Listen, my soil, to the chorus on earth and in air,

All things created the praise of their Maker declare."

If our Creator created capabilities for producing exquisite and perfect music; if He touches human hearts through it as through no other channel; if from infancy to our transition to nearer association with Him, it is the purest joy we know, the highest expression of the longing of our souls for Him, may it not be, in the natural order of things, that He expects us to strive for and attain the greatest perfection in it for worshiping Him? May it not be that music has been given every other duty to perform throughout the ages except its highest, its God-given one?

The "Church of Music," in itself, would constitute a great charity, namely, the placing of a high order of music within the reach of all who desired it, which would, more than any other factor, elevate the whole tone of society in the nation.

The week-day rehearsal would solemnize every day of our lives with worship—would make us pause in the midst of busy carefilled hours to raise daily acknowledgment to our Creator of daily life and opportunity.

The existence in a community of a perfectly drilled and financially sound orchestra and chorus, that might be relied upon at all times, and that would have so small an amount of time occupied, namely, the daily hour of rehearsal and the two Sunday services, would be a great encouragement to fine musical work of all kinds.

In conclusion, it must be admitted that no system of teaching the world morality or religion has been formulated by the writer. The establishment of the "Church of Music" does not contemplate the abolition of any church in existence nor demand the acceptance of its form or creed by all the world. The pure form of its worship, however, might go far toward stilling the heated discussion and the strife over this and that creed; and the acrimonious argument that is now too often a prominent feature of the religious world of sheer necessity would fall away.

Why insist on detailed declarations of belief? Why spend all our lives trying to conform our ideas to the variety of ideas presented for our acceptance by even the most consistent and spiritual of preachers? We must remember that when all is said and done, there is no human being who will be permitted finally to pass judgment upon another; and if our brother makes us know that he believes in God, and if he expresses this belief by his manner of life, by what right shall we demand more of him?

Make Every Moment Count

As the years roll by, the world gets more and more precise in its educational facilities. The average student is being constantly required, in this rapid race for life, to produce a more detailed and scientific recitation in his class. A diploma from our high schools of today means a great deal more to the would-be-student than it did even ten years ago. Our colleges are more complicated in their respective branches; and as time speeds its lightning train, more persistence of effort and more difficult lessons are demanded.

We should not, however, be amazed at this change in educational circles, considering such a wonderful advancement in progress and the rush for the almighty dollar.

The time has come when we must compete with the present age or fall to the foot of the class. Every grain of knowledge that goes to make up your future career is a grain of gold. The key to success in the gaining of knowledge is to "make every moment count." If you have a few spare moments during any part of the day, don't idle them away, but seek to improve them by taking steps to remedy that defect in knowledge which you may lack in your climbing vocation, and which may prove to be diamonds to you in after years.

-Dan Hurst, Jr.



Earning One's Way



By BERTHA HIRSCH BARUCH

"Yes," reminiscently observed a prosperous merchant, 'it was a hard and dusty road to travel as I look back upon the long distance which I had to traverse before arriving at my present position in life. It was a rough road at times, and there were moments when I thought I should never reach the turning. But, here I am after all, hale and hearty at the end of my journey, with many once unattainable things within my reach, and others in my hand; but I tell you it is not that which counts. The reason why I am so proud and happy to be here is that I have earned the right to be where I

"I am gratified that the honor and respect of the community which I enjoy is not so much for what I have done as for the way I have done it! Mark you, I have never begged what could be procured by labor, and I have never borrowed what at the time I could either afford to buy or do without. In short, my friends, I have earned, earned, earned every item I possess, as I worked myself up on every step of the way."

And the glow of self-satisfaction that illumined the man's face as he spoke was good to see. Here was a splendid instance proving that results alone were not to be exalted over the methods by which they were obtained. Here was a man, now the envied proprietor of a magnificent business establishment, one yielding a munificent income that would easily enable him to live in a state of idle luxury. Yet here he was right in the midst of things, still at work out of sheer love of labor, with a genial warmth of disposition, a generous heart as well as an open hand, and a kind, stimulating word of help and encouragement for all who appealed to him as worthy of the assisting little shaping shift that he could give to their course.

But what sort of individuals are they who could make the "proper appeal" to such a man? They are those, no doubt, who are anxious to "get ahead" in the world, those who want to leave the soiling, wearying, strength-testing road of stone and dust for the smooth, asphalted boulevards of life. Yes, but by what process do they expect to arrive on the broad, beautiful, select and unobstructed highway? Do they expect to be lifted bodily, without self-exertion, without self-discipline, without self-reflection or self-direction, from one plane to another? And again, do they expect to beg or borrow the vehicle to take them to the "land of promise," to the place of preference, to the seat of eminence-or do they intend to earn the wherewithal by which they may even-

tually be conveyed thither?

If the last be the tenor of their thought, the hope of their heart and the object of their ambition; if all they ask is a fair opportunity to increase their capacity of earning whatever their desires are centered upon, then, indeed, they are entitled to a hearing; and they will receive the word of sympathetic assurance and the timely helping hand that will facilitate progress without enervating the progressors. But the test of worthiness must ever be not the mere wish to rise, or to become successful, but the manifest tendency to take time and trouble, to pass through sieges of travail and to submit to the necessary training by which to earn or to achieve success.

The desire of all to be accounted worthy of success in any line, should be to gain the coveted prize honestly, and never tofilch the hard earnings of another, whether in the nature of intellectual coin, credit, or actual currency, says the Los Angeles-Times; for in so far as we evade the struggle for self-elevation through judicious selfpreparation, so, too, we must be content toforego the final triumph that belongs tothose, who through personal effort, haveattained to their heart's purpose, and whomay rightfully rejoice in the consciousness. that they have neither wrongfully taken nor guiltily received what they claim as their own, but that they have either earned the right of possession, or only possess the bounties or the benefits which they have morally and legally earned.

There would be but little cause for complaint of the widespread malady of greed and graft in every field of human endeavor, aye, even in social and industrial, as in political organizations, if people were willing to earn their right or title to the place or power which they arrogate to themselves by intimidation, by duplicity and cunning orby sheer force of temerity. In this wise, rich attachments are gratuitously formed whereby sagacious grafters finely flourish without the prerequisites of merit, efficiency or desert, drawing their stay and sustenance, moral, intellectual or material, from sources which they have been shrewd enough to discover as valuable mediums to supply them with the private comforts and public prominence which they crave, but to earn which they have neither the ability nor the taste.

Hence, let no one, however humble his or her station in life, even for a moment regard with jealous eyes the callow ones in the large assortment of the non-earning, or grafting brood. For at best their airy perch is full of nettles; they cannot boast a selfbuilt, weather-proof nest, but only a temporary "roost" from which the wily intruders may, at any moment, be "shooed" by the light of detection. Woe to those who have either begged, borrowed, stolen, or obtained by ousting others from their legitimate place their thus-viewed unenviable position, for some day the callous-conscienced will be called to answer, and then when an account is asked of them-"Why are you here? How came you to be seated thus? By what right or authority do you hold sway?"-then the wind of pretense and base assumption that has so swiftly borne them upward will as suddenly bring them down to their proper level; the level from which they may only hope to rise by honestly earning the fruits of promotion and progress on every step of the way.

Words, Only Words. By M. D. Chemberlin.

Words are what are used to give expression to our thoughts and ideas.

They are the combinations of letters and characters which, when properly set up and spun out from the lips and brain of the silver-tongued orator, will hold vast congregations spellbound.

We read, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Is it any wonder, then, that men are able to grasp thoughts and ideas and can paint such beautiful word pictures, so near to real life, that we are charmed by their mental melodies?

As the combined rays of the sun release and set free the snow—the emblem of purity—from the summits of the mountain peaks, and send it trickling down the mountain side through rock-walled canyon, bubbling and foaming over gravelly beds and leaping the green, mossy rocks on its way to the valley, where it kisses the feet of the

rose bush on its green, grassy banks, while it sings its gladsome song, as it threads its winding way on toward the blue rolling ocean—so also in a like manner do words gladden and make merry the heart of man, when put under the pressure of intense rays of thought and set in rhythm with the music of the soul.

Words, when dipped in a solution of mental soliloquy and dripping with sweetness of life, can be sent over the wireless lines of thought and lift the burthen from many a tired and heavy heart. They come unseen but not unfelt; and we often wonder from whence they come and whither they go. They are Cupid's arrow-heads, which find their way into the hearts of all lovers.

They are zealously watched for and long to be remembered by the fond parents, as they come from the lips of their first-born son or daughter.

They are what turns the tide and shapes the destinies of nations. They are what sends the hot blood surging through our veins and paints the blush of the rose upon our cheeks, and again soothes and calms our troubled fears.

Many were the words which were spoken to us in life's early morning, that have clung to us and have sung a soliloquy to our souls all along life's pathway. They hang upon memory's rose bush like clusters of grapes upon the vine, and are like the wine of inspiration, and as a lamp to our feet and a light unto our pathway.

They come to us in prose and in poetic verse, and are like sunbeams which never die, but shine on and on forever.

Someone's Thought

Friendship, strong and true and loyal, All depends on being known, You will win by what you are, dear. You will reap as you have sown.

Many failures in this world come from trying to fly kites after the wind has reached its height and begun to die down. The man that tries that way may get his kite up half way and then see it drop helplessly to the earth. Discouraging, isn't it?

It is not by any help really that I or anyone else can give you that you may become great. It is in yourself alone that the power lies; and it is by your life, by your industry, and by the fullness and completeness of your experience and your sympathy, that you will be able to get hold of that power.



Hints From the Business Office



There is but one way that I know in which to win success through shorthand, whether in the commercial world or as a shorthand reporter. It is the competent man or woman stenographer in a business house who sufficiently attracts the attention of the head of the house to insure advancement. In shorthand reporting, where thousands are made each year, none but the competent shorthand writer has any opportunity to succeed.

And competency in shorthand cannot be imparted unless the instructors are competent. Every young man and woman contemplating taking up this work, should study the methods whereby others have succeeded, and profit by their experience.

The head of a business or a department must develop business-strong men by continuously giving them responsibilities of increasing importance. Begin by sending a clerk over to the bank every morning; the first day tell him to go—let him pick out the route; the second day suggest it's time; the next day he'll come to you for the usual package when the hour approaches; and within a month he will be handling all the routine of your banking business—introducing improvements and short cuts, if you give him a chance to develop them.

It is doubtful if, next to truthfulness, there is any quality so much needed for the successful salesman or advertiser as enthusiasm. Arguments fall flat, tact is thrown away, if you do not broach your business proposition with all the enthusiasm you can muster. Who has not been chilled by the listless answers and hesitating manner of a poor salesman? You feel like running away from such a person, and much trade is driven away by inefficient, unenthusiastic salesmen. It is better to err on the side of too much enthusiasm than to have too little.

Money does not mean merely glowing yellow gold; it means a cheerful home, bright carpets, pretty pictures, warmth and light, enjoyable food, books, education, culture, development, choice association; it means comforts for the invalid, sports for

the restless boys and girls, a shutting out of the dreary sordidness of life and a letting in of the beautiful. Remembering that the foundation principle of a well-lived life is the founding and perpetuating of a family, is not a high order of success in so doing the supremest attainment to which man can possibly aspire? Then all honor and glory to men who wrench gold from stones, a place from vacuity.

Every business man who is pushing a growing business must be handing more and more work over to others—not only details, but responsible acts. If he does not know how to give discretion to others, if he has never trained any subordinates to carry responsibility, his growth is limited to himself—and one man doesn't reach far in this big-scale age.

Stephen Girard considered himself on the outlook post, and he gave his orders with the precision of a general in command. He insisted on absolute obedience from every one in his employ, and for no reason palliated the offence of non-obedience. The story is told of his discharging an employee because he failed to buy a cargo of coffee as he had been ordered; in so doing he had saved Girard several thousand dollars, but the only comment the latter made was: "You should have obeyed your orders if you had broken me."

In the last few years a remarkable change has taken place in the matter of advertising. You have noticed it if you have been a reader of the magazines for the last ten years or more. Formerly, business announcements were, more often than not, merely stiff and stilted cards, just general publicity without any life, red blood or enthusiasm in them. But it is different now. A new spirit has been instilled and modern advertising is the most important factor in a great many enterprises.

That new spirit is just an expression of the mighty force that moves the entire business world today—Enthusiasm. If you have not an abundance of it it will pay you richly to cultivate it.

Be's

Be Good—It pays best in the long run and makes life more enjoyable.

35 35 35

Be Patient—All things have their regular course and by using patience your desires come to you sooner.

25 25 25

Be Happy—Happiness is the forerunner of health, the world in general will be brighter to you.

2 % %

Be Healthy—It is a precious gift from God, for without health all happiness is lost.

N N N

Be Steady—Have a time set for all you do, and at that set time you can do it much better.

* * *

Be Thoughtful—Think well of all you do and see where you can better it. Be Industrious—If you are not you will never learn, you will always be a back number.

20 20 20

Be Cheerful—You will make the surroundings for yourself and others more pleasant.

2 2 2 2 E

Be Intelligent—Intelligence is thought that builds up and brings us on a higher plane of life.

* * *

Be Vigilant—By keeping your eyes and ears open wide, and absorb only that which is good.

* * *

Be Honest—It costs nothing and your word will never be doubted.

N N N

Be Not Fearful—Fear is man's greatest enemy, it is the most harmful thought we can entertain.

W. O. WOOD.

(1)

What is New Thought?



By C. P. HURDITCH



HE remarkable conglomeration of reading matter that reaches our desk every month, bearing the imprint of magazine or periodical, is really extraordinary. How some of these effusions are conceived is impossible to im-

agine; how they ever see the light of day passeth understanding; how they manage to live beyond the initial issue is a question that will never be satisfactorily answered. The only point upon which the mind is at all clear is the fact that sooner or later they completely drop out of existence and no one is surprised.

istence and no one is surprised.

Under the guise of "Thought" and all its branches (the enlightened and select (?) community love to write it "Thot") the unique denizens of unknown planets seek to blow their asinine trumpets at the heads of those who possess a fair amount of what is lacking in their craniums—to wit, brains

The "Thought" family is exceptionally large—no race suicide here. What with present, past, future, new, advanced, higher and center; astronomical, metaphysical, scientific, vitosophic, eugenic, agnostic, economic, sociologic, hypnotic, puritanic and goodness knows how many more (for they are growing every week), it is utterly impossible to keep track of them in any shape or form.

Just because some unfortunate crank has dreamed a thundering bit of nonsense during a leisurely spell, which he well knows that no magazine of respect would for an instant dare to print, he must have his own bit of paper published. He collects sufficient funds to bring out the first issue, or else hangs up the printer. He boldly states his need of -- dollars to "carry on the good work." He unblushingly asks for subscriptions of fifty cents or one dollar to pay the annual dues, knowing full well that he never expects to produce another number (unless the fish bite). He finds unmitigated delight in plastering his picture on every other page, showing a coatless object of exceptional ugliness, looking as if he had never known a barber's chair or the sanitary influence of an ordinary bath; while, to complete the phantasy, a wonderful hyphenated name of exceptional length is magically

added as "The Editor." And he is happy. He, did I say? Make no mistakes; both sexes are included, for it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. The freaks in Barnum's circus are not confined to the male sex; methinks the percentage is in favor of the contrary, and the ranks of new thought freaks are nearly equally matched when it comes to the question of sex.

If there is one expression more than another that is taken advantage of, it is those two harmless little words, "New Thought." It covers a multitude of sins, from the most abject rot that exists in the empty capacity boxes of these wild creatures to the most indecent of editorials that are found in the pages of many of the eugenical organs. To the former we can only express sorrow for their appalling ignorance—to the latter our utmost contempt for their depravity.

Even the spiritualistic mediums and Christian Scientists are taking refuge under its sheltering wings, and until placed in the retreats where they belong, will continue so to do. The latest company to be formed is the "affinity brigade," actually countenanced by a periodical devoted to purity, although as everybody knows the members consist entirely of those anxious and willing to break the bonds of matrimony-monotony, as they call it, or rather have made it. That this is the age of publicity no one for a moment questions when public characters and private individuals obtain column after column in the pages of the daily press devoted to their illicit amours and when society, which is a mass of corruption, obtains priority of space and position over the affairs of the nation.

The medical profession and the quacks have fallen under the spell. Of the former it may be said that many of them have been such dismal failures in the honored calling, that they have adopted their new role for the money that is in it. They make no secret of the fact that even their parents long since considered them fit subjects for Colney Hatch or Bloomingdale—and we thoroughly agree with this parental opinion. They pose as having divine inspiration and supernatural powers by means of which anybody on earth can be cured of any ailment—imaginary or otherwise—if they pay

the price. Note this latter, it is the pith of the story. Just like the keeper of the seals in the Zoological Gardens, who daily repeats his phrase, "No money, no perform." Just let them know for one moment that you are lacking in this world's goods, and you will soon discover that "The spirit will not be moved."

But if you rattle the change in your pocket, the wand of the magician will produce wonders. Out from the hat—the hat, mark you, not the head, for nothing could come out of this—all kinds of mysterious cures are produced. They revel in food culture—it is their strong point. From a bale of hay (very appropriate, however, as a steady diet for such animals) to so many glasses of water per diem, they prescribe for you; and the instruction is added that you are to carry yourself mentally to Delmonico's while in the act of consumption, and you will then realize what a satisfying meal you have had. And they call this the

New Thought Doctrine! Again, one will tell you to eschew all meats and stick to vegetarianism. Another will say that all vegetable matter is only fit for swine and that juicy steaks are the only sustenance of the human life. third expert comes along declaring that liquids alone are the proper menu, while the fourth is equally emphatic that all drink is poisonous. One paper will give a short account of a man who has long passed the century mark, is still hale and hearty, who has never used alcohol or tobacco in any shape or form, and will devote half a column to pointing a moral; while the next day the rival will branch out with a column of moral over an old lady, also over the hundred-year mark, who has used both as long as she can remember. It is no small wonder that the undertaker was puzzled when he was asked the cause of a notable's death, and replied, "I don't exactly know. Some say he died of homeopathy and others vow that osteopathy killed him; one party blames allopathy, while still another attributes his demise to Christian Science."

From the ranks of Christian Scientists we are afforded many illustrations of the unique methods taught by those who have achieved many shekels at the hands of the gullible. Mental faith is a marvellous thing, they would tell us, but when it comes to practical demonstration we know it does not exist. Witness the recent Fort Worth case, when a woman who had been a disciple of Mary Baker Eddy for years brought action

against a car company for heavy damages for physical and mental suffering. The Supreme Court rightly gave a verdict against the woman on the ground that if she had such control of her feelings, or thought she had, as to render her insensible to pain when she willed to be, there was no reason why this should not be taken into consideration in determining the extent of her suffering. With the establishing of this interesting precedent, the cultists will have to look to their laurels.

If one were to live up to the advice of these "life experts" and follow carefully all their directions regarding what we should or should not eat and drink, under their careful prescriptions, the situation could be humorously described as:

Feeding Up-to-Date

No longer let the butcher gay
Deck out his festive shop,
No longer let the cook display
His appetizing chop:
For Doctor Some One says that he
Has found a substitute, you see;
So meat as food in future we
Must drop.



The dishes that were once our joy
The doctor now doth ban;
No more the tasty saveloy
Shall splutter in the pan:
The tender chick, the juicy steak,
The cutlet brown, we must forsake,
The doctor's tabloids only, make
A man.



To think what folk will come to—Meat!
Is decency all fled?
That human men should ever eat
A horrid cow that's dead!
No! No! let others feast their fill
On luscious morsels from the grill,
We take a lozenge, or a pill,
Instead.



As to their many banquets throng
The bon vivants in scores,
And listen to orations long
And after dinner bores,
We, all ethereal as a star,
Our capsules take, and there we are,
All coarser meals we leave to carnivores.



We do not toss through restless nights
In indigestion's spasm,
We do not see wild nightmare sights,
And shriek like one that "has 'em."
We eat not lobster salad—no!
Nor foie gras when to bed we go,
We merely sip a drop of protoplasm.



Our pills are perfect, for, you see,
All food stuffs they contain.
According to the doctor, we
Can ne'er be ill again.
And yet—I sometimes think a meal
Would somehow make me think more real;
At times I almost long to feel
A pain.

Another genus (save the mark) has recently blossomed out against the sanctity of marriage and the bearing of children, and favors a mutual consent law. Has he gathered in many converts? Of course he The more outrageous the idea, the more the ignorant and vicious will be attracted. Anything that savours of licensed immorality will draw a large following of both sexes. New Thought? Aye, verily, the newest of new thoughts! Let the astronomer turn the observatory lens to the marvelous wonders of the heavens; let him continue to penetrate the mysteries of other worlds and leave "this boiling caldron brewing anguish of indescribable intensity" to those who happily are not of his way of thinking. The trouble is he has been so long in the clouds that now he has tumbled to earth he has lost his bearings.

If we would believe the smallest part that is written and taught by these faddists and live up to their theories, the world would be turned upside down. With some men and women it is always worry—a constant, continuous worry from the cradle to the grave. Why they worry finds a solution in the pace set for them by some one else, for every one seems to have the ambition to outdo the other. With men engaged in the more nerve-racking occupations of juggling the markets or manipulating railroads, the strain and responsibility is more intense. A few years at these games and the players join their ancestors. A few years of power and opulence-and then eternity. To get the advantage and the money, no matter how, are these great games. Death has no terrors for the moneygrabber. And these very worry-mongers are the ones that want to preach a doctrine of New Thought, as they call it-if you will pay the price—to teach you incredible beliefs; doctor you with wonderful physic; experiment on you in divers ways and manners; reveal your past and prophesy your future with marvelous ease; and finally when they have hypnotized your senses and squeezed your pocket-book you are told you are entitled to a diploma in the college of New Thought.

But the school of Common Sense will teach you none of these things. Whether the simple or the strenuous life is chosen, the principle remains the same—be sure you are right, then go ahead. Optimism, not pessimism, is the watchword. Do the best that is in you and do the best you can for others. We all shall have to give ac-

count of our stewardship, and it behooves us to be up and doing. The consumptive naturally cannot follow the footsteps of the well-trained and healthy athlete, but he can moderate his steps to suit his ailments. Just because one man can take an early morning plunge into a cold bath it does not follow that his system is the model one, for to another man it might be certain death. Each man's constitution acts as a fiduciary barometer to his common sense and experience, and he needs no faction or body to dose him. If the professed public benefactors would only delve a trifle into honest methods where truth is domiciled, we should not hear so much of the "New" Thought.

Just as the exaggerations of Christian Science have arisen from the neglect of the truths of the power of mind over matter and of the sanctity of the healing art, so the bitter and blatant forms of socialism spring from the neglect of the principle of stewardship inherent in the Christian religion. To quote from the recent remarks of the Bishop of London: "Stewardship, not ownership, is what we must always remember. It is clear that, if a man really looked at himself as a steward, no object would influence him to use dishonest means of enriching himself."

1

A word and a lift for your fellow Is better than "knocking" his play. And if you can't speak of him kindly Be square and have nothing to say.

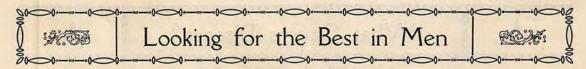
A dollar or two to a creature Far down in the depths of despair Is better than "knocking" on morals And preaching a lot of hot air.

A hope for the glory of heaven Is better than doubting the plan, Or "knocking" the plea of salvation That's promised to suffering man.

*

As a matter of fact, success stares everybody in the face. It is to be had for the working—working on the legitimate lines of square dealing. There are no new paths to the portals and no weary prospecting ahead of us, but the way is diversified, the opportunities are many and there is plenty of good company on the road. As a morning of clear sunshine reflects inwardly a feeling of happiness, prosperity and determination, so will common sense, good example and a clear conscience point the way to the goal of our desires.

What is New Thought? I know not.



If there is any one gift that we may well covet above another it is the ability to see the best in men.

It is a terrible thing when we get so that we find fault with everything and everybody. I know of some men who do this; so do you. There is no honest man anywhere; all tinctured with the curse of the day—graft. No goodness in the world; everything gone to the dogs, and no hope of anything better. Country going to smash; it is smashed in fact, already. All going down to ruin.

So it goes on by the hour, one continued wail over the sin of the age. We get up sick and tired after a session with these croakers.

Now, I believe that the most dangerous man in the country today is the one that is all the time groaning about the wickedness of his fellows. He is doing more to unsettle the foundations of government than the man that openly takes up arms against his country. We can fight the man who takes up arms manfully against us; but what can we do with the man that is forever crying us down but never dares to do anything else? We would like to fight him, but we would be ashamed of ourselves if we did.

Now here comes a man of a different stripe. His face is turned toward the sunshine. He smiles because his heart is right. He comes to us like a life-giving breeze to a man away out on a hot desert. He says there are better things ahead. He is going to help bring them along and wants you to help, too. You grasp his hand and say with a glad note in your voice, "God bless you! I'll do it! You are a man after my own heart. Come in and tell me all that is in your soul. I am busy, but I need you. Go ahead! Let business slip on. I can wait. I must get just as close to you as I can!"

And you rise up from that little talk a stronger and better man.

God give us more men that trust their fellows! We are killed every day by the groaning of the man that tells us how wicked we are, because we know that he is giving us a picture of his own heart every time he opens his mouth.

If you want your heart to wither up within you and die, feed it with distrust. If you are ready to see love dry up at its fountain, pour a few drops of the oil of hate into it.

Let us be careful lest we make the mistake of laying financial success too generally to graft. Developed financial ability is almost always found where fortunes are made; the occurrence of graft is an unfortunate outcome of the lax methods of a too easy-going people. But the brains are there just the same, and a large measure of success had been achieved before the temptation and the possibility of graft came to blight an otherwise praiseworthy career. Because a man falls, do not forget that he walked; had he been only crawling he could not have fallen. One must reach an eminence before one can be in a position to prove false to large interests. The brains, in other words the developed ability, of the man raises him up; human weakness makes him fall, and even as we deplore the fall, we must glory in the rise.

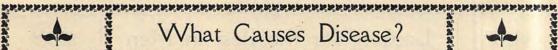
There is only one way a man can help his country, says Spare Moments, and that is by having faith in it and confidence in those who live in it. The man that has not this love and this faith is tearing down the republic. He may not know it, but he is surely digging away the props upon which the nation stands.

To the man that is trying to make the world better this is a good world. When a man has his shoulder right down to the wheel, lifting with all his might, there is no time to stop to see who else is lifting. The thing now is to get the load started.

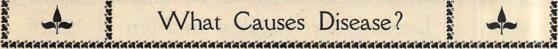
Bats live in the night. Their eyes cannot bear the light of day. The slightest ray makes them wink and blink and try to get away somewhere. In the darkness they gather up a few stray flies that are foolish enough to venture out by night; but it is a poor fare.

Better have the eye of an eagle. Better fly away up where the air is pure. Better fight for the best there is. Better help men up with a good word and a hearty cheer than to tell them how poor and mean are their best endeavors.

Let us look for the very best in men.



What Causes Disease?



By CHARLES A. TYRRELL, M. D.

First, let us consider what disease is. Study the etymology of the word disease. It is the antithesis of health. It is an impairment of the functional activities of the body. One is either sick or well, although the sickness may vary in degree. As a matter of fact, there is only one disease, although it may manifest itself in various ways, usually selecting the weakest part of the organism for its expression. This statement, I know, is contrary to the general belief, most people imagining that there is a distinct and specific cause for every form of ailment, and medical men generally do not attempt to controvert that opinion.

But what causes disease? I reply, even as there is only one disease, so there is only one cause, the presence in the body of foreign substances, usually the waste prod-ucts of the body itself. There are numer-ous contributing causes, or as they are termed by physicians, exciting causes: but there is only one fundamental cause, the retention of waste matter in the system. It may be accepted as a scientific fact, that a perfectly clean body, that is, clean internally as well as externally, must of necessity be a healthy body. This fact, the truth of which is being demonstrated daily in unnumbered cases, shows conclusively how little cleanliness (in the true acceptation of the term) is appreciated by humanity at large; witness the alarming prevalence of physical ailments.

The presence of foreign substances in the body is resented by Nature, and waste matter is, in effect, a foreign substance. The matter may be in gaseous, liquid or solid form; but it is nevertheless a foreign substance, its presence is dangerous to the organism and must result in derangement of function. If the presence of a grain of sand in a watch will retard its movements, if not stop them altogether, what must be the result of an accumulation of waste matter in the human system? Think for a moment of the amount of friction that must be perpetually present in the human organism, from this cause! And remember, the human body is more delicately constructed than the most cunning example of human mechanism.

Nature has provided three avenues by

which the waste products of the body may be expelled, the bowels, the skin and the lungs: but the bulk of the work devolves upon the bowels. There are three factors at work in the process, mechanical, gaseous and absorptive, the last named being infinitely the most pernicious. Let us first consider the mechanical. Nature has beautifully apportioned the space in the abdominal cavity, each viscus having ample room for the performance of its special function: but any abnormal increase in size of any part of the contents of the cavity must nec essarily create disturbance. It is impossible to estimate the amount of evil caused by an engorged intestine monopolizing two or three times its allotted space in the abdominal cavity, crowding and hampering the other organs in their work.

But the effects produced by direct mechanical pressure are not the only ones. The accumulations in the colon necessarily arrest the free passage of the product of the small intestine, and that in turn causes undue retention of food in the stomach and consequent fermentation; while the irritation, due to pressure on the nerve terminals by the distension and by the encrusted matter adhering to the intestinal walls, is simply incalculable. Have we not here the direct and palpable cause of all digestive disturbances?

Undigested organic matter subjected for hours to a temperature equal to that of the stomach and intestines, actively ferments, the result being that distressing flatulent condition, the bane of so many suffering The effect of these gaseous acmortals. cumulations in the alimentary canal are not thoroughly understood at present, that is, the pathological effects. The more direct effects as manifested in abdominal distension and the terrible distress that frequently follows eating are, unfortunately, too well known. What functional disturbances may arise from the presence of these gaseous substances, present in excess, in the system, is at present largely a matter of conjecture: but it is known that a stream of carbonic acid gas or hydrogen gas directed against a muscle will cause paralysis of that structure. The expansive force of gases is too well known to need comment, and leads irresistibly to the conclusion that such a force exerted against vital organs must be productive of serious harm. It is not at all improbable that many causes of hernia and uterine displacement may be due to this hitherto unsuspected cause. That they penetrate the neighboring tissues, is an established fact, and it is quite conceivable that their action upon the nerve system, through the medium of the circulation, may lie at the door of many cases of neurasthenia that are now so prevalent.

But the auto-infection that results from the absorption of the foul liquid refuse into the blood supply is by far the most serious feature, for "the blood is life." This pernicious waste is composed of substances for which the system has no further use, in fact, they are the equivalent of poisons. It is known that as much as three-fourths of this foul substance may be absorbed, carrying into the system poisonous germs and excrementitious matter. A circulation is constantly taking place betwen the fluid contents of the bowel and the blood, which, till within the last few years, was unknown, and even now is too little heeded. Prof. Metchnitkoff recently stated in a lecture, at Paris, "Particularly injurious are the mi-crobes of the large intestine. Thence they penetrate into the blood and impair it, alike by their presence and the products they yield, potomaines, alkaloids, etc. The autointoxication of the organism and poisoning through microbes is an established fact.' How can it be otherwise, when every portion of the blood may, and possibly does, pass several times into the alimentary canal in twenty-four hours?

Need we look any further for the fundamental cause of disease? Is it any wonder that people sicken and die of the thousand and one maladies that scourge humanity? Are apoplexy, paralysis, dropsy and consumption punishments sent by the Creator, or are they the result of violated natura! law? Can it be wondered at that, with a colon overloaded with foul, reeking matter, dyspepsia should be rife? Or that with a nervous system deprived of proper nutrition through dyspeptic conditions nervous breakdowns should be so frequent? If the uric and lactic acids formed in the body, instead of being promptly eliminated, are reabsorbed into the system during every moment of existence, until the tissues are fairly saturated with them, is it reasonable to expect to escape rheumatism with its kindred scourges, sciatica and neuralgia?

Now having shown the unmistakable prime cause of disease, let me ask you to bring the same intelligence to bear on the method of dealing with it, that you would employ in the ordinary business relations of life. With a system loaded with impurities, it is not reasonable to expect that by pouring a few grains of diluted drugs into the stomach you can purify the blood-even granting for the sake of argument, that such a purpose could be accomplished—when, occupying nearly one-half of the abdominal cavity, is an engorged colon, reeking with filth, this filth being constantly and steadily absorbed into the circulation? If you were to act as foolishly as that in your business, your friends would quickly apply to the courts for a guardian for you. The practice of increasing the deposits in the physical system by the introduction of drugs (foreign substances) is in direct opposition to physiological law and common sense. It has no scientific foundation whatever.

Now whether for the preservation of health, or the treatment of disease when present, the chief thing is, to cleanse the colon. It is useless to attempt to get rid of the effects while the cause is present. When a sewer in a street becomes blocked, what do the City Fathers do? Do they palter with the trouble by throwing in a few pounds of disinfectants, in the hope that with the disappearance of the odor, the trouble will cease? Not at all. adopt the simple, common-sense plan, "of flushing it," thus dealing with the matter in a rational yet thoroughly practical and effective manner. The colon in the human body is a physiological sewer and when obstructed, the same rule of action should be applied to it as to its city prototype—it should be washed out.

In plain English, the preservation and restoration of health, depends entirely upon cleanliness, especially internal cleanliness, and to attain that condition, which we are told, is next to godliness, there is nothing to equal the Internal Bath.

Is it not strange that such an obviously commonsense proceeding should not be universal?

Marie—"Oh, Mr. Moore, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet."

Moore—"W-well, yes, there is, but I'll pay it tomorrow."



Helpful Home Hints



How to cook Lima Beans

Put one pint of lima beans in a granite kettle, cover with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning pour off this water, and add fresh, also a little soda; place the kettle on the stove, over a moderately hot fire, and let the contents boil five minutes; then empty them into a coarse sieve and rinse three times, by pouring cold water over them. Have the hands clean and rub the beans together until the outside hulls are all removed. Put the pulps in a clean kettle with fresh water enough to cover them, and season to taste. Cook until soft, being careful not to let them burn; when tender add olive oil or butter as desired and serve hot.

When cooked in this way lima beans are not injurious to the most delicate stomach.

Blackberry Jam

Look over a gallon of blackberries, wash and drain. Put in a preserving kettle, pour in a pint of water and cook until soft, stirring and mashing with a wooden spoon to break up the fruit. Take care that it does not scorch. Take from the fire and press through a wire sieve into a stone jar. Do not use tin. Stir this pulp thoroughly. Take a quart of the pulp and put it in a kettle with a quart of sugar measured light and previously heated in the oven. Bring to a boil, cook rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes, until it jellies when dropped in a cold saucer. Pour into small jars and when cold, seal. Repeat the cooking with another quart of the pulp until all has been used. The jam is easier and better prepared a quart at a time. It is a good plan in hot weather to prepare the berries one day, set away in the cellar and make the jam in the cool of the next morning.

The Wash Bench

Have the wash bench made of such a height that when the tub is placed on it the top is about thirty-six inches from the floor. Many tubs are difficult to handle when wringing clothes, as they keep slipping about. To avoid this have holes bored in the bench by the side of the tub and insert large wooden pegs. This is quite an improvement, often saving a tub of water, for

most women know what it is to accidentally upset a tub when hurried.

A Simple Remedy for Pain

The next time you have toothache, neuralgia, pain in the stomach or abdomen, headache, or a sprained ankle or wrist, try fomentations.

The way to do this is to take a flannel cloth, wring it out of boiling water, and apply it to the affected part of the body. As soon as the cloth cools off dip it in the hot water again, and keep up the application until the pain is relieved.

In case of headache sometimes the application instead of being applied direct to the head is applied to the spine, which draws the blood from the head and gives relief.

Grandmother's Ginger Bread

One large cup molasses (New Orleans is the best), two heaping teaspoonfuls soda, beat well together, for here lies the whole secret; then add two teaspoonfuls ginger, one-half teaspoonful salt, one cup water, beat all together, then stir in your flour, enough to make a not too stiff dough; beat well and last add one-half cup of melted butter or lard; stir again.

A Kitchen Note

Often where the stove pipe is fastened into the wooden ceiling of a roofed kitchen there will be a certain amount of leakage around the pipe which keeps it always rusted, or the smoke escapes, making a soiled place on the ceiling. Something better than putty can be made with powdered coal ashes mixed with an egg. The heat cooks the mixture to an enamel which is as hard as flint. It is worth trying.

★ ★ Chicken Chartreuse

Chop very fine a cup of cold cooked chicken, add two sausages or six table-spoonfuls of cooked ham, chopped; three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, one table-spoonful of capers, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, a dash of cayenne, two eggs, well beaten, and enough hot soup stock to make it quite moist. Butter a small mold and pack the meat in closely, leaving space at the top to allow for swelling. Steam one hour.

About the Iron Sink

Of all greasy, disreputable looking objects in a house nothing looks worse than an iron sink or a badly battered one from which the enamel is peeled. No amount of paint or enamel will stick to the metal if the grease has not been thoroughly cleaned from the iron or steel. After the day's work is over, thoroughly scald the sink and scrub with hot suds and grit, rinse and while wet powder completely over with quicklime. Leave in this condition over night, the next morning washing the lime away, again scrubbing the sink, and allowing to thoroughly dry before an attempt is made to enamel it. Always use white enamel for the inside, since it is so clean looking, though paint, the same as on the kitchen woodwork, can be used for the outside. One word about using enamel. First give one good light coat. Do not attempt to make it perfectly white with the first coat of enamel, for it will be so thick that it will take a long time to dry. Leave two days, again paint with the enamel, leave two more days and give a third and last coat. It takes over a week to properly do this work, for enameling simply cannot be hurried any more than good varnishing can be quickly done. Never use the sink until the enamel is perfectly dry. If the draining board is wood and difficult to keep clean, have it covered with zinc, or white oilcloth. Anything to save the labor of scrubbing greasy wood.

One Way to Clean Silver

Silver spoons as well as other small trinkets may be brightened easily without the addition of silver powder by placing them in an aluminum receptacle and pouring boiling water over them. Polishing should be effected by means of a piece of clean chamois leather, but in adopting this treatment it must be remembered that the silver never should be allowed to become tarnished.

Caring for Oilcloth

The careful housewife avoids the use of either soap or ammonia in the water with which her oilcloth is cleaned. She knows that their use will injure the material and render the colors dull and lifeless. She also avoids a brush unless she owns a very soft one, and relies upon clear, clean water and soft flannel cloths for her cleaning work.

When the oilcloth has been washed clean she rubs it dry with a fresh dry flannel cloth and then polishes the entire surface with a rag upon which there is a very little linseed oil, or some skimmed milk. The milk does very satisfactory work, but should be avoided in summer time, as it will bring flies.

Some housekeepers think that oilcloth keeps its freshness and gives far better service if treated to a coat of varnish when it is put down.—Buffalo Sunday News.

Ice Cream Cake

To the yolk of one egg and the whites of three add one cupful of sugar, one and threefourths cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of sweet milk, one-half cupful of butter, onehalf teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake in loaf.

Icing—Beat the yolks of two eggs, to which add eight tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and flavor to taste.

Corn Croquettes

To make green corn croquettes cut a pint of green corn and mix with it one well-beaten egg, a teaspoonful of sugar, a level teaspoonful of salt, and the same amount of melted butter. Form into small croquettes shaped with enough flour to hold them together, sprinkle with pepper and fry in deep fat.

Chop Suey

For two people use one pound of round steak cut for beef tea, in dice; add one pint of water, half teaspoon salt, and let it come to a boil slowly for about three-quarters of an hour; add one large onion cut in two, six medium potatoes, cut in small squares; boil quickly until potatoes are done.

Uses of Turpentine

A little added to a bucket of water, the broom dipped in before you begin sweeping, will brighten the colors and also prevent moths.

Yellow ivory knife handles may be made white by cleaning with turpentine.

One-third linseed oil and two-thirds turpentine makes a good furniture polish.

A teaspoonful mixed with stove polish applied only to a cold stove is wonderful in effect.

One beaten egg, one-half cup turpentine, one-half cup vinegar placed in a bottle and thoroughly shaken makes one of the best of rheumatism liniments.

OPPORTUNITY

A Magazine of Optimism

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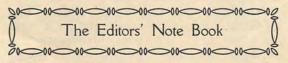
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The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Segnogram Publishing Company will be held at the office of the Company, 1719 Kane St., Los Angeles, Cal., Wednesday, December 11, 1907, at 2 p.m., for the election of directors.

W. ELMO REAVIS,

Secretary.

The improvement in our magazine has evidently been appreciated by our subscribers, as well as our advertisers, judging from the many letters of approval we have received since our last issue. Although it is satisfactory to find the expressions on the favorable order, we desire to remind our friends, that we are equally willing to receive the strap if they feel it is deserved Honest criticism is the best physic for the

editor and it does not have to be administered in homoeopathic doses either.

The Unity Club will have their initial house-warming in our Christmas number and we hope the members will show up in strong force. If contributors will bear in mind the season of the year, the yule log ought to burn brightly, the walls be decorated with the brightest of the red berries mixed in with the green foliage, and the best of greetings exchanged for the occasion. The wing will be at your disposal and it remains with you to make it attrac-

"Clean Money Morrison" thinks it is about high time that some movement was begun towards purifying the dirty money for which this country is famous, and to this end has sent us a pamphlet on the subject, asking publication or notice. This latter we gladly give. Personally, we have no scruples against receiving "tainted" money, and even that which is not exactly "crisp and new" may be showered upon us without any loud objection on our part. Still for all that when it is forced upon us, it might as well be freed from all those disgusting germs with which Brother A. Cressy Morrison horrifies us by literary demonstration, so much so that we are almost tempted to abandon our search for the "filthy" lucre. If we cannot get the coin without it first having been put through a Turkish bath process we won't take-stay a moment, though, we are not quite sure of this. Write to Secretary C. L. Daniels, P.O. Box 390, Franklin, Mass., and see what he has to say about it.

The Domestic Help problem in Los Angeles is a serious one, perhaps even more so than in the East. Not only are the socalled servants demanding and obtaining ridiculously high wages-\$45 to \$60 a month-but even at this they are careful to impress on you what they will do and what they want. General houseworkers are a perfect rarity; it would almost appear as if specialists were the order of the day, that is, specialists who will do the least amount of work for the greatest amount of money. We personally know of several families who would be glad to give good homes and honest wages to those who are willing to work, and if any of our readers, scattered all over the world, know of any cases in which they are interested and are desirous of obtaining fuller particulars, we shall be glad if they will enter into communication with us.

Those interested in Drugless Healing will find the treatise by Dr. Pitzer, elaborately treated in our pages, a most interesting piece of reading. It is hardly necessary for us to mention that the fame and reputation of this gentleman is far-reaching, not only on account of his scientific practice, but also for his well known literary ability, one of his books, "Suggestion," alone reaching several editions.

In a few days the spirit of Thanksgiving will be on us—that is, especially on us. For of course with the wonderful prosperity of the country during the past year and the prospect of continuation in spite of some pessimistic croakings, we are every day living in an atmosphere of thanksgiving, individually and collectively. We, as a nation, are prosperous. We, as individuals, have no reason for complaint. The multimillionaires have been hit a bit hard perhaps, but, bless you, they don't miss it; while we have managed, not only to hold on to our little bit, but to have seen it increase steadily, and it may be, rapidly.

With every reason for giving thanks, therefore, we can enjoy to the full the good things that will be provided, seated round the festive board, and to the assembled guests can say, "Eat, drink and be merry. We have met in response to the time-honored custom, relatives and friends alike sharing the joys of the day. The earth has bountifully yielded her store. Nature has smiled on us with all her glorious beauties. Commercialism has flourished on every hand. Prosperity is the keynote sounding through the North, South, East and West, and the people live and rejoice on every side. Give thanks, give thanks."

And then what greater subject for thanks have we than that of education? Think of the companionship the educated man enjoys and which cannot be taken away from him. It is his in the solitude of the desert or in the solitude of the crowded street. It is his in penury and in prosperity. He has it in old age more intimately than in youth. Sickness, prison bars, torture, cannot rob him of it. He passes his days surrounded by the great of all the ages. David and Solomon, Darius and Cyrus, Socrates and Plato,

Homer and Demosthenes, Virgil and Horace, Caesar, Antony and Pompey, Paul of Tarsus and the golden-mouthed preacher of Constantinople, Pope Gregory VII, Pope Leo X, Luther, Cranmer, Wolsey, Richard Coeur de Lion, Godfrey of Boulogne, Napoleon I, Wellington, Milton, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Washington, Lincoln, all the great souls who have ever exalted human nature by sharing it with us of smaller make, of coarser clay, are all the daily bosom friends of the man who lives the intellectual life. Nor is he tied to earth. He soars where central suns swing through space with planets and systems of worlds trailing in their wake. He looks into the minutest flower, the most shapeless rock, the most common bit of clay, the humblest worm that crawls, and in the rock or in the clay sparkles all the brilliancy of precious metals, all the sunlight of the diamond, and in the flower and worm he traces life to its ultimate glory in the highest type of man. He cleaves the heavens apart and traces man's lineage on another side to deity itself.

The spirit of Thanksgiving is on us. Let us give thanks to the full.

Every week we receive letters from many of our readers stating how they are indebted to "Opportunity" for many excellent suggestions which have been commercially of great benefit to them. This, of course, is pleasant reading to us, but we do not see why they should hide their light under a bushel and refrain from giving the reading public the benefit of their experience.

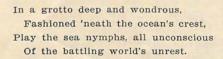
In order, therefore, to encourage them, we invite contributions on the following subjects:

How I made good. How I earned money.

The articles need not be lengthy or of any particular literary merit—what we want is the practical side of it and facts, facts, facts. It is our intention to publish these articles, and we will send a cheque for Five Dollars to the one who sends in the most interesting contribution every month. If possible, a photograph should accompany the manuscript, so that we may publish the picture of the winner every month; all photographs will be duly returned. This competition should prove one of the most interesting, not only to our readers, but to the contestants themselves, and we expect great results from this.

One of Nature's Beauty Spots





Gambol they midst boulders glistening With King Phosphorus' magic light, Pausing now and hark'ning, list'ning, To the throbbing sea's great might.

Look, here comes a pageant radiant,
One at which great Zeus might smile,
While fair Colchis' charms resplendent,
Cease to Jason's mind beguile.



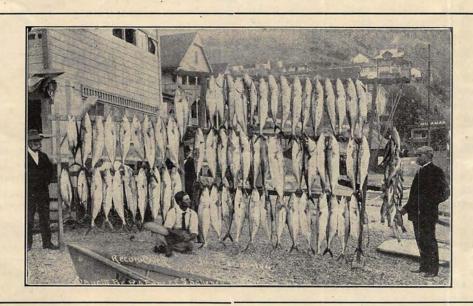
Myriads of lovely beings,
Glistening like the Golden Fleece,
Darting, sparkling, glancing, dancing,
Midst the waves that never cease.

Lofty trees as frail and slender
As Diana's fragil bow,
Lift their heads in thoughtful wonder
From translucent depths below.

Ocean violets, sweet as incense
Wafted to immortal Jove,
Cling in trustfulness and patience
To great Neptune's arms of love

Oh, that beauteous garden, ever Catalina's pride and joy, Capri's sunny glories wither Like a disappointing toy.

M. M. BERKELEY.





ORTUNATE are the comparative few who have been privileged to see one of the beauties of California—Catalina Island—and for the benefit of those who have been denied this wonderful sight, I want them to take a

mind journey to a veritable aquarium of nature, the most unique of its kind in the

world.

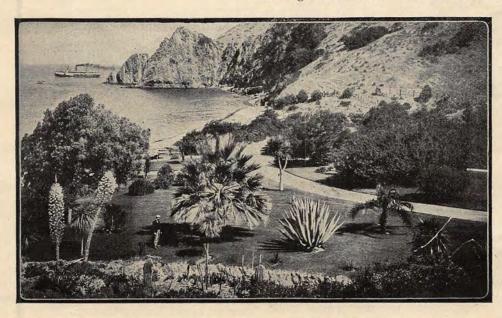
My memory carries me to the day when we crossed the gangplank at San Pedro on board the boat Cabrillo, bound for Catalina, with the rippling waters of the blue Pacific spanning the distance. Looking across this vast expanse of liquid blueness to where it seemed to touch the bending sky, it made us think of Nature's storehouse of plenty, and the many finny tribes which have their homes beneath its surface.

while Sugar Loaf appeared as a little baby volcano, belching forth skyrockets high in the air, that, bursting, scattered their sparks over the shining surface of the water, which reflected the various colors of the rainbow, making paths in all directions.

After landing we followed the crowd to the bandstand, which faced an open-air amphitheater carved out and terraced in a ravine against the mountain's side. Our next move was to the dancing pavilion, brilliantly lighted and filled with happy couples keeping time and step to the music, while spectators, filling all the seats and windows, watched and studied their every move and motion.

Three of nature's beauties—with shapely mold—were in evidence the following morn-

ing, while we were waiting for a ride in the glass-bottomed boat. Promenading through the crowd on Crescent avenue,



As we pulled out and were leaving the harbor, the little wavelets, as they receded from the boat and glided away toward the wharf, had a smoothness to their surface like that of polished glass. The sun as it faded out of sight gave a pinkish tint to the few scattering clouds that were hanging like draped curtains against the bending sky. When darkness had drawn its curtain over this picture, there appeared in the distance the red tints of illuminations from the island.

As we drew near, the little city in the horseshoe harbor was as a mass of blazing diamonds against the mountainside,

neatly attired in bathing suits of blue brilliantine trimmed in white, with tan hose and high-heeled Oxford ties to match, they drew the crowd's attention, judging from the glances which followed them. The brilliancy of their attire was evidently never intended to be soiled by dipping it in salt water.

Viewing the wonders of the submarine gardens from the glass-bottomed boat, we could see many things which filled us with wonder and admiration. Among the first to meet the eye were clusters of abalone shells, which, glittering in the sun from the

silvery-sanded bottom, called forth exclamations from our party.

We saw the sea heather, reminding one of the "bonnie braes" of Scotland, the sea violet, with its purple glow, reaching upward toward the sun, the iodine kelp, with its massive stem and leaves, threaded with small bulbs of air, resembling electric light bulbs, which keep it afloat, the ribbon kelp with its long slender waving yellow leaves, the Irish moss, with its leaves of silvery

gray, the coral moss, with its pink-tinted velvety softness, and the long dark green chenille moss, waving in great clusters.

In and out among all this vegetation floated the goldfish, together with the blueeyed bass, with his skin of velvet-like smoothness. The porcupine species lay wedged between the rocks with their quilled tails standing out like so many gatling guns as a protection from their enemies. There also were the sheep's head fish, with his blue head and tail and a belt of pink-tinted salmon color around his body, and the electric variety, with their brilliant spots like diamond-studded gems along the back. All these, appearing as one happy family in their watery home, have left a picture indelibly written on our memories, which will hang there until the curtain of time shall have been rung down.

A Phrase's Origin

"Here," said a lawyer, taking down a calfbound book, "is the will from which originated the famous phrase, 'cut off with a shilling.'

"It is the will of Stephen Godfrey. He died in Lambeth in 1796. Now I'll read you the paragraph in Godfrey's will that gave the world the phrase. A nasty paragraph

it is, too.

"'Whereas, it was my misfortune to be made very uneasy by Elizabeth Godfrey, my wife, for many years, from our marriage, by her turbulent behavior, for she was not content with despising my admonitions, but she contrived every method to make me unhappy; she was so perverse in her nature that she would not be reclaimed, but seemed only to be born to be a plague to me. The strength of Samson, the knowledge of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the cunning of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, and the watchfulness of Homogenes could not have been sufficient to subdue her, for no skill or force in the world could make her good; and as we have lived separate and apart from each

other eight years, and she having perverted her son to leave and totally abandon me therefore I give her one shilling only."

Golden Nuggets

The self centered man is he who concentrates his mind upon the God within and denies that any power without can affect him. He knows that there is but one power in the universe and that he is the magnet to that power.

There are two ways by which we can destroy wrong thoughts; one way is to let them alone and they will burn themselves out and destroy all, the other way is to destroy them with the truth as soon as discovered, before any harm is done.

When truth has once taken possession of the mind it crowds out all evil thoughts and leaves you a free moral agent. It is a known fact that truth and error cannot occupy the same place at the same time, as fast as truth comes in all other contrary forms disappear.

Dear is my friend, but my enemy is of greater value to me. The friend shows me what I am able to do, the enemy teaches me that which I ought to do.

W. O. Wood.

A New Curfew

Every family should have a curfew which should positively ring tonight and if needed every night. These curfews are inexpensive and are home-made. Take a piece of siding about two feet long and whittle one end down to a handle. Take the child that needs the curfew over a barrel. Now take the siding in hand and use it as a clapper. Put it on hot, divide the strokes evenly and see that none miss. Good for a boy or girl up to the age of sixteen, and three applications are warranted to cure the most pronounced case of street loafing that exists. The music is said to be finer than, "Where is my wandering boy tonight."—Topeka Boys' Chronicle.

Sammy and His Lessons

A clergyman's daughter who was a school teacher received the following note from the

mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Mis, You writ me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beet him up eny time it is necessary to learn him lesens. He is juste like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound noledge into him. I wante him to git it, and don't pay no atenshion to what his father says. I'll handle him."—Clipped.



AR back in the records of time, it is written, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

As certain as the needle points to the Pole, just so sure as you go forth looking for trouble will

you find it. Phenomena follows the pre-

dominating thought.

If you wish to get next to the velvet side of life, keep your velvet side out. For it is a fact that like begets like. Whatever you sow that shall you also reap. A sunny disposition will draw toward itself that which is similar to its own, as truly as the magnet stirred through sand will gather together small particles of steel filings, which adhere to it like honey on the rod.

Look for the bright side and that is what you will see. While boarding an electric car or steamboat, while passing through the gateway, or across the gangplank, is a good place to take your first lesson. When being jostled by the sharp points of some one's elbows in your ribs is a good time and place to pad your anatomy with a forgiving and forgetful spirit, and remember that the world was not made in a day, that there is plenty of room in it for all, and that there is no cause for excitement or worry.

"Just Thoughts"

It is no use to look at life, and the world, through smoked glasses. What we need is a clear vision.

Our neglect and excuses of today may prove our stumbling blocks tomorrow.

The more we murmur and repine the weaker we grow.

The optimist radiates a warm glow, while

A poble character show

A noble character shows its beauty like a perfect rose unfolding its precious petals. All gems glitter, but we must learn to dis-

tinguish the true from the false.

H. A. Attwooll.

"Truth, in its struggle for recognition, passes through four distinct stages. First, we say it is damnable, dangerous, disorderly, and will surely disrupt society. Second, we declare it is heretical, infidelic, and contrary to the Bible. Third, we say it is really a matter of no importance, either one way or the other. Fourth, we aver that we always upheld and believed it."

One of the Best Publications of

Just as we go to press we receive the following from a business man in New York City. The temptation to publish it was too

strong to be resisted.

"I congratulate you upon the improvement which you have made in 'Opportunity.' The October number in my opinion is better than any number you have yet published. I have read this number and find it very interesting. Not only has it improved in the quality of its reading matter, but has greatly improved in looks. I have not the least doubt but that you will make a big success of 'Opportunity.' It has been in the past and is today one of the best publications of my list, and I hope and believe that your predictions will be fulfilled that it will be a top-notcher."

How to Manage a Husband

When you marry him, love him. After you marry him, study him If he is honest, honor him. If he is generous, appreciate him. When he is sad, cheer him. When he is cross, amuse him. When he is talkative, listen to him. When he is quarrelsome, ignore him. If he is slothful, spur him. If he is noble, praise him. If he is confidential, encourage him. If he is secretive, trust him. If he is jealous, cure him. If he cares naught for pleasure, coax him. If he favor society, accompany him. When he deserves it, kiss him. If he does you a favor, thank him.

Let him know well you understand him, but never let him know that you "manage" him.—Chanute Times.

Opportunity

'Tis a long, weary road to the "bye and bye,"
And a "sometime" that seldom arrives;
Why not take the pathway that leads thro'
today,

Make each day the "now" of our lives?
Why wait and plan for next month or year?
The "will" and the "wish" bring the "how;"

There is only one time to do each our best, And that is just here, and just now.

(Jeanette H. Carey.)

"Nothing is impossible. There are roads that lead to all things, to all achievements. If we had but sufficient 'will,' there would never be for us a lack of 'way.'"

(La Rochefoucauld.)

An Order of Laughs and Sighs ...

An actor without funds managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco. The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days, and in view of the fact that his finances were at a low ebb, he solved the question in this way: The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer, and went down in the dining-room and ordered the best meal on board the boat. While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastile in San Francisco. After finishing his meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?" "Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals were included in your ticket.'

A Missouri woman has sued the local editor for libel because he said in the obituary notice of her husband that he "had gone to a happier home." The measure of damages will probably depend on proof of the character of the late deceased, as tending to show where he went.

"Who ever saw a perfect man?" asked an Atchison revivalist. "There is no such thing. Every man has his faults—plenty of them." Of course no one had ever seen a perfect man, and consequently the statement of the revivalist was received with silence. Then the revivalist continued: "Who ever saw a perfect woman?" At this juncture a tall, thin woman arose. "Do you mean to say, madam," the evangelist asked, "that you have seen a perfect woman?" "Well, I can't just say that I have seen her," the woman replied, "but I have heard a powerful lot about her—my husband's first wife."

A man interested in art, says William M. Chase, was calling on a friend and, seeing a remarkably fine portrait, asked whose it was. "Oh, that is an ancestor of mine," returned the owner of the picture. "Yes, of course," replied the other. "I remember now, and it would have been an ancestor of mine if I had bid another hundred on it."

A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word, "obey," remarked, "It don't matter, I can make her."

You can be too thrifty in counting the words in an advertisement, as this from the Telegraph proves: "A lady whose husband is going abroad wishes to meet with another to be her companion during his absence." The outlay of "another" penny or so would have stopped the tongue of scandal.

The little village could not boast of very many entertainments, and consequently a concert was looked forward to with great delight by the inhabitants.

It so happened on one occasion that a singer of renown who had just scored some signal successes at Covent Garden came down to spend a few days with the squire and smilingly acquiesced in the request of the vicar that he should sing at the village concert.

His song, which was delivered with deep feeling, for which he was famous, was the old favorite, the "Village Blacksmith."

In response to a vociferous encore he was about to give one of his operatic successes when the chairman tugged hard at his coattail.

"Better sing t'owd 'un over agen, mister," he said; "I 'appen to be the chap you've been singing about—the village blacksmith—and I reckon it 'ud only be fair to me if you was to sing it all over agen, and pop in another verse saying as 'ow I let out bicycles."

The attendant in the dentist's office approached the man with the swollen jaw who had just entered. "Do you want to have a tooth extracted?" she inquired. "Want to!" he snorted. "Want to! What do you think I am, a lunatic? I've got to."

A sign over the door of the editor of a popular magazine reads:

POETS TAKE NOTICE.

Shelley, Chatterton, Raleigh, Marlowe, Tickell, Tannahill and Suckling all died violent deaths. Verb. sap. A New England man says that one night last winter when the thermometer fell below zero, his wife expressed her concern for the new Swedish maid, who had an unheated room.

"Elza," said she to the girl, remembering the good old custom of her youth, "as it is bitterly cold tonight you'd better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, m'm," said Elza, in mild expressionless assent.

In the morning the girl was asked how she passed the night. With a sigh, she replied:

"Wall, m'm, I gat the iron most varm before morning."

Physician—"You will be glad to know, madam, that your husband will almost certainly recover."

Wife—"Oh, dear me, doctor, what shall I do?"

Physician—"Why, madam, what do you mean? Aren't you anxious that your husband should get well?"

Wife (sobbing)—"Yes—only, when you said last week you didn't think he would live a fortnight, I went and sold all his clothes."

Tarantula Tom—"Why did Bill plug th' tenderfoot?"

Lava-Bed Pete—"It all come o' Bill's distressin' ignorance o' legal terms."

T. T.—"How uz that?"

L. B. P.—"Well, Bill owed th' shorthorn some money, an' was sorter slow about payin'. So the stranger writ him a letter sayin', 'I will draw on you at sight.' An' Bill thought that meant gun play, so when he meets up with the stranger he draws first. It was a misunderstandin'."

Fortune Teller—Beware of a short, dark woman with a fierce eye. She is waiting to give you a check.

Visitor (despairingly)—No, she ain't. She's waiting to get one from me. That's my wife.

Jennie—"Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?" Olive—"Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her."

"What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?" "Oh, I had to let her go," replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."

A traveling salesman died suddenly in Pittsburg, Pa., and some of his friends telegraphed to the undertaker an order to make a large wreath. Investigation showed that the telegram ordering the wreath read as follows:

"Rest in peace," on both sides of the ribbon; if there should be room, "We shall meet in heaven."

The undertaker was out of town and the new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide and it bore the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and if there is room we shall meet in heaven."

A Baltimore minister once delivered a sermon of but ten minutes' duration-a most unusual thing for him. Upon the conclusion of his remarks, the minister added: "I regret to inform you, brethren, that my dog, who appears to be peculiarly fond of paper, this morning ate that portion of my sermon that I have not delivered." After the service the clergyman was met at the door by a man who, as a rule, attended divine service in another parish. Shaking the good "Doctor, I man by the hand, he said: should like to know whether that dog of yours has any pups. If so, I want to get one to give to my minister."

Voter—"Now, Mr. Wunnout, I wish you'd do your best to get my boy a good government position."

Candidate-elect—"Well, what can your son do?"

Voter—"What can he do? Great Scott, man! If he could do anything I wouldn't be bothering you."

The late Bishop Williams of the Episcopal diocese of Connecticut was a confirmed bachelor, and held a deep-rooted antipathy for becoming entangled in Cupid's net. One afternoon he was visited by a rather effusive maiden lady of his acquaintance, who was also his ardent admirer.

"Well, Bishop," she remarked, after some unimportant preliminary skirmishing, "I have had a vision from the Lord that you and I are to be married."

The bishop looked at her, overcome with consternation and amazement at her presumption. But only for a short time was he at loss; then, his wit coming to his rescue, he replied:

"Wait a moment, madam; I haven't had my vision yet."

W W W W

Reviews

W W W W

One Thousand Ways and Schemes to Attract Trade, by Irving P. Fox. Handsomely illustrated. Price, postpaid, \$1.00. Boston: Spatula Publishing Co.

We doubt if there has ever before been published anywhere in the world a book like this. It gives without superfluous verbiage descriptions of over one thousand ideas and schemes that have been tried by successful merchants to bring people to their stores and to sell goods, and is the result of slow and careful observation extending over a period of more than five years. The various schemes described were put into practice in stores representing nearly every line of retail business and nearly every part of the English speaking world.

Almost every one of the thousand and more ideas is of such a nature that, with but slight alteration, it might be adapted to the conditions governing any other particular trade. In this collection are probably dozens of schemes and ideas which have turned losing businesses into profitable ones. The publishers have so much confidence in the practical value of the book that they offer to return its price if the buyer is not satisfied.

The Law of Financial Success, by Edward E. Beals. Price 10 cents, postpaid. Chicago: The Fiduciary Press.

cago: The Fiduciary Press.

A booklet, small in price, but rich in matter. Every page contains several gems of thought indispensable to the investor and of exceeding help to the business man. The large number of calls for this remarkable and much needed book in quantities has led the publishers to offer it at a considerable reduction in order to distribute it more widely among those who desire to apply its practical philosophy. "To win anything one should have a definite goal for which to strive."

Wee Wisdom—(Kansas City, Mo.) which recently celebrated its thirteenth birthday, has launched out to secure the affections of those who are no longer in swaddling clothes. Beginning with the September issue, the first installment of a new serial story by Myrtle Filmore is given; it is not only of interest to the small children, but the "grown-ups" will find a touch of romance

about it that promises well for future numbers.

Improved Perpetual Planetary Hour Book. Second edition, revised and enlarged, by Llewellyn George. Price 50 cents. Portland, Ore.: Portland School of Astrology.

Shows what planet rules any hour in any year, telling how to avoid malefic hours and how to choose favorable ones for the inception of any undertaking in order that the affair may be assisted, rather than retarded, by the astral forces of Nature. To the new investigator it is a most useful and interesting work, being void of symbology, requiring no charts nor calculations of any sort, and containing tables simply compiled so as to be easily understood by anybody, and the whole accompanied by a most complete exposition on the use, nature, and the value of planetary hours.

New Thought Calendar

One of the most beautiful New Thought Calendars for 1908 is published by William E. Towne.

It contains twelve leaves, on each of which is printed a selection from one of the great American poets, or some prominent new thought writer. On the title page is that inspiring quotation from Holmes, "Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!" etc.

The calendar is printed on heavy, lilactinted ivory paper, in two soft colors, and the sheets are tied with silk cord. The dainty coloring will appeal to the highest artistic sense, and make it a pleasure to send a copy to a friend. It is just the thing for a holiday gift.

Price only 25 cents. Five calendars, each carefully packed for mailing, \$1.00. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Address William E. Towne, Dept. 7, Holyoke, Mass.

New Thought

FREE "New Thought, its Progress and its Limitations." An original pamphlet along the lines of logic and common sense, and of interest and value to thinkers, will be sent free to all who address the author, W. E. Gould, Suite 48, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

DRUGLESS HEALING By **PSYCHIC METHODS** By GEO. C. PITZER, M. D.

People who desire to be treated for good health, or freedom from any physical or moral weakness, and cannot very well leave their homes for personal office treatment, no matter what their aliments may be, are given full instructions through correspondence, and we engage to treat them at a distance, and without any medicines.

Our methods of treating absent patients without drugs embrace the employment of Therapeutic Suggestion and Hygienic measures. I give my personal attention to the correspondence and treatment in each case I take for absent treatment, write all letters to patients with my own hand, devote a certain amount of time to the treatment of each patient, the same as I do to cases in my office, and I never have so many that I cannot do full justice to all.

By our absent methods we successfully treat infants, children and adults. Our patients may be in normal mental states, or they may be delirious, or insane.

By our absent methods we successfully treat infants, children and adults. Our patients may be in normal mental states, or they may be delirious, or insane.

We accept patients suffering from all kinds of ailments—mental, physical, acute, chronic and malignant diseases—we turn nobody away.

We correct bad habits in young and old, help people to business and professional success, reclaim wayward boys and girls, reform moral perverts, and restore insane people to their reason.

We are successfully treating and reforming many wayward young people, breaking them of pernicious habits, and helping them to cultivate clean, moral practices. Some are treated by their own request, and with their full co-operation; others upon the orders of their parents or friends, and entirely without their knowledge.

In cases where I engage to treat absent or present patients by suggestion for the correction of habits, freedom from vices, and for the building of character, I always instruct the parents or friends how to manage them objectively. I ask them to hold these patients in their minds as being more good than bad, assuring them that we can always use the good to root out the bad.

I strictly forbid them from scolding these patients for anything, but require them to treat them kindly with Christian charity and forbearance, never referring to their weaknesses under any circumstance, but to embrace every opportunity to praise them for their virtues, appeal to their pride and better nature, and encourage them on every turn for good. I thus make the environments as perfect as possible, which helps to make my part of the work successful.

We spare no pains. We treat our patients to cure them. And, furthermore, when our treatment is properly accepted and the environments anything like right, our methods rival the most successful cures in the land.

The absent treatment of people by suggestion means the employment of mental efforts for the relief and cure of diseases and the correction of vices, while our patients may be at a distance f

The possibility of absent treatment being a reality, as well as a success, rests upon the truth of the assumption that human minds communicate, and that mental efforts do effect physical changes. These propositions we have demonstrated many times, and a recitation of some of our experiences may serve as good a purpose in presenting this subject to the minds of interested patients as any method we might adopt.

I am about ready to give a class personal instruction in Suggestive Therapeutics. It is 7:30 p.m., and a Mrs. Wagner calls to consult me about a wayward son. I seat her in the lecture room and ask her to remain for the lecture. Just as she leaves the consultation room a Mr. Hazen calls to consult me about himself. I ask him to be seated, and he immediately states that he has been sick for quite a while, and that he desires to consult me with a view of taking absent treatment, for he does not reside near me, and wishes to start for home tomorrow.

"I have been informed," he says, "that you can, by your methods, successfully treat people for their ailments by what you call absent treatment; that you can treat them at their homes, all without medicines or material means of any kind, and I want to know if you can do this."

"I certainly do that," I respond, "and am doing it every day, treating people all over this country, at their homes."

"Well, I cannot exactly understand how you can reach people with suggestion at a distance," he says, "but I do see how you may successfully treat them by suggestion if you have them in your presence."

"You do not fully grasp the subject of suggestion," I respond, "for when we understand it we can reach and cure people anywhere. I have my class here, some patients are waiting, and if you can wait with us for an hour or so, I will explain to you how we can, by thought force, reach and influence people at a distance. A Mrs. Wagner is here also; she is waiting for some advice about the absent treatment of her son, and she wants him treated without his knowledge. Can you wait?

wants him treated without his knowledge. Can you wait?"

"Oh, yes; I will be only too glad of the opportunity," he responds.

"All right," I say to him; "just walk in the lecture room and take a seat."

I enter the lecture room, and after talking to the class a while about the personal treatment of asthma and bronchitis, I branch off on the subject of mental telepathy, thought transference, etc. I explain that while we speak the words orally in giving personal treatment, in absent treatment we suggest mentally what we want, the thoughts go where we send them, and the results follow the same as if we should give them the suggestions orally in their presence; and I explain that distance offers no resistance to the transmission of thought. If we can reach a patient by mental efforts from one room to another, we can just as

readily reach him a thousand or more miles away, and we are demonstrating this daily, in the successful treatment of absent patients.

I also explain that while some people are more sensitive and receptive than others and have the faculty for accepting suggestions or receiving impressions almost to a degree of perfection, others are not quite so readily impressed, but that anyone who earnestly engages to take absent treatment, no matter about the distance, will accept the thoughts properly sent out for his relief and profit from them. And patients who know nothing of our efforts are always benefited by our treatments.

ments.

To the class I now say, "Physical changes can be wrought by mental efforts. We can influence others by our thoughts, not only while we are present with them, but when they are absent—at a distance. And I will say more: we may, by persistent mental efforts, induce people to do anything their judgment dictates to them to be right, and no matter where they may be, or whether we know of their whereabouts or not; but we cannot control them against their better judgment, or induce people to do things their conscience does not approve."

Here Mrs. Wagner speaks up and says: "Doc-

know of their whereabouts or not; but we cannot control them against their better judgment, or induce people to do things their conscience does not approve."

Here Mrs. Wagner speaks up and says: "Doctor, I can readily see how you can practice your method with people whom you know, and know where they are, but I don't know where my son is. I think he is in San Francisco, but I am not certain. What can you do in such a case?"

"That makes no difference," I reply, "and, as already stated, we can reach people for good wherever they may be. If the class will wait a few moments I will try and make everything plain to Mrs. Wagner. It is the subconscious, or soul mind, Mrs. Wagner. It is the subconscious, or soul mind, Mrs. Wagner, that delivers our suggestions to absent patients, and it will always do this if we can give it the instructions with full confidence that it will do it; and it can find the object of our search every time, wherever it may be; and it is so.

"This soul mind is always in touch with the source of all knowledge, and manifests, under the power of suggestion, the attributes of omnipresence, omnipotence and omniscience. Yes, this soul mind can go out, and it can see things, too. And, with supersensitive people, whatever is thus seen appears to the objective mind of the operator also. With ordinarily constituted people this soul mind can go out, see things, and deliver messages, the same as the supersensitives or clairvoyants, but their objective minds, not being sufficiently sensitive, are not apprised of what is done or of the knowledge gained. But any of us can send out our thoughts, and when we know how and do the work with full confidence, they absolutely go where we send them, and they never return to us entirely barren of results."

It is no use for us to say at this late day of Christian civilization and scientific progress that there is nothing in it, for there are too many living witnesses to support the facts. What we want to do is to grasp the situation, open our eyes to the realization

Lecture is now over and I am with Mrs. Wagner in the consultation room. Upon inquiry, I find that, sure enough, Mrs. Wagner does not know where her son is. He is a wayward boy, reckless and dissipated, and his mother is ready to undertake any method or use any legitimate means to reclaim him. I give her these instructions:

"Mrs. Wagner, your son is surely more good than bad, and we can utilize the good to root out the bad; and we can, by persistent efforts, not only find him, but we can save him. I could do all this alone, and very much prefer to do so in nearly

all similar cases; but where I find an interested friend who has full confidence in my work, then I like to have your aid, for two earnest souls in harmony for any given purpose are stronger than one, and you may join me in this effort.

"At 8 o'clock every morning I want you to repair to some quiet place, lie down and close your eyes, and let your soul go out after your boy, and with the earnestness that none but a mother can so fully manifest, let these thoughts rest upon him: 'My son, you are more good than bad. You want to be good, and it is not really you that controls your behavior and leads you astray. No; it is an outside influence that bothers you, and you are too good a boy to submit to evil minds, and you will not let them ruin you. I cannot, and will not let you go. I cared for you in your infancy, protected you as you were growing up, and I am with you still. Yes, I am with you by day and by night, and I will not let you go. I will hold to you, and you will listen to a mother's calls, and we shall hear from you soon. I know you desire to be good, and you will siten to a mother's calls, and we shall hear from you soon. I know you desire to be good, and you will shun evil ways, seek the company of good people, and again return to our home, a good, proud and happy son. I say I am with you by night and by day, and so I am. And you shall feel my influence; you do feel it, and you shall feel my influence; you do feel it, and you shall feel my influence; you do seel it, and you shall feel my influence; you do feel it, and you shall feel my influence; you do feel it, and you shall feel my influence; you do feel it, and you shall sower me, and you will come, yes, come, and once more join us and help us make a happy home.'

"I say, Mrs. Wagner, these are the kind of thoughts to send out to your boy, and they will

home.'
"I say, Mrs. Wagner, these are the kind of thoughts to send out to your boy, and they will reach him. At the same hour each day, in harmony with you, I will go out after him too, and I will give him the thoughts required to restrain him, and induce him to heed you. We can find him. You will hear from him soon. And when you hear from him write him kindly, chide him for nothing, but make him know that you still trust him. Rely upon it, he will not, he cannot resist the harmonious efforts of two earnest souls; he will heed us, and we can and we will find and save him." him.

save him."

This, with what I had said to Mrs. Wagner before, deeply interested her, and she was ready to undertake the treatment at once. Similar cases should be handled in the same manner, and if the treatment is pushed properly and continued for any reasonable length of time, success is absolutely certain. In this case we heard from the patient in ten days, and in three weeks he was home, quiet and sober, and remains so. Upon these principles we can, by earnest, persistent efforts, reform any moral pervert whose case may come into our hands.

In the treatment of reckless boys and girls, men

ciples we can, by earnest, persistent efforts, reform any moral pervert whose case may come into our hands.

In the treatment of reckless boys and girls, men and women, for correct habits and moral practices, in such cases as smoking, drinking, gambling, stealing, lying, prostitution, private vices, etc., we bring them on the same scale of mental vibration with us, and then, under our psychic treatment, they cultivate natural tastes, desires and ambitions, gain perfect control over their appetites and passions, and develop the courage to eat and drink only what they know to be wholesome; and they now have the will power to resist evil temptations of every kind, and do exactly what their judgment dictates to be right and their conscience approves. In this way pride of character is established, they avoid evil resorts, keep good company, engage in legitimate and profitable pursuits, and become influential, valuable citizens, and useful members of the society in which they move.

Returning to the case of Mr. Hazen, I find that he is suffering from feeble, imperfect digestion, headache, constipation, impairment of nutrition of the entire body, and that he has been losing a little in weight for some time. I also find that he has been imprudent in his living, eating, bathing and clothing, and I at once proceed to give him the proper hygienic advice, and the required instructions for absent treatment, as follows:

"After you get home, every day at 12 o'clock, by your time, I want you to repair to a private room, where you can be all alone and unmolested, take a recumbent posture and close your eyes. As you do this, you will realize that I, too, at the same moment, by your time, am in a quiet attitude, with my eyes closed, mentally engaged with you, in a common effort for your restoration to perfect health; that I am sending the proper thoughts to your subjective or soul mind, for perfectly harmonious conditions of every function of your body—for perfect relief and cure.

"After you have closed your eyes and held the foregoing thought for a moment, then you may let yourself relax, and make no further efforts of any kind, mentally or physically, but let a feeling of indifference control you. And you should make no haste in quitting the attitude, but remain quiet at least for half an hour, and even longer, if you choose to do so. In no case should you link your all ments. Never mention your efforts for relief by absent treatment to anyone, unless it be to some member of the family, or a near friend whom you know to be in perfect harmony with you. I will do the rest."

With these instructions I let Mr. Hazen go away: and they are the same, in substance, that I give to all my absent patients, whether they apply to me in person or write to me from a distance. I do not tell Mr. Hazen, neither do I tell any of my absent patients, whether they apply to me in person or write to me from a distance. I do not tell Mr. Hazen, neither do I tell any of my absent patients, what I will affect the thoughts required to correct the conditions. They do not know what I suggest, and there is no danger of my efforts exciting thoughts of doubt that might result in antagonism of any kind. In Mr. Hazen's case, at the appointed hour each day, while in a quiet attitude with my eyes closed, I mentally give him the suggestions required, and hemakes a rapid and perfect recovery.

A young woman comes to me complaining that he is not having the success in business or professional life that she desires, and asks me if I can, by my methods, help her in any way. She is a stroographer and has been working will thus the is not having the success in business or professional life that she desires, and asks me if I can, by my methods, help her in any way. She is a stroographer and has been working with the sime she has been making strenuous efforts to obtain a position as a teacher in some high school, for she prepared herself for a teacher previous to going to work as a stenographer.

She does not like stenographic wor

make.

They develop an abundance of personal magnetism, which gives them self-confidence, courage, enterprise and executive ability. By their facial expressions they reveal their honesty of purpose and courage, and they compel the attention and command the respect of people from whom they seek favors. They fearlessly ask for what they want, perform with perfect ease in public, say and do the right things at the proper time and in all places, and all this insures business and professional success.

A boy, 11 years old, in Colorado City, Colorado, after a spell of diphtheria, was taken with nosebleeding. His nose bled profusely every day, and no means employed had succeeded in stopping it.

He was getting very weak from the daily loss of blood, when the mother asked me to treat her son by psychic methods, to stop the bleeding if I could, for they were becoming alarmed.

I wrote the mother that I could stop the bleeding at once. I commenced treating him upon her order, and he had but one more bleeding after we commenced the treatment, picked up rapidly, and got well and strong.

commenced the treatment, picked up rapidly, and got well and strong.

A Baptist minister's child, two years old, was taken with vomiting, accompanied with high fever and great restlessness. It vomits at regular intervals all day long, grows worse every hour, when, at midnight, it is threatened with convulsions. Becoming alarmed, the mother telephones to me and asks me if I can, by my psychic methods, arrest the vomiting, control the fever and prevent convulsions. convulsions.

convulsions.

I answer affirmatively, and assure her that I can give the child complete relief, that I will give it a treatment at once, and that it will vomit no more, will go to sleep, and that the fever will gradually disappear. We gave the child the treatment promised, and, as the subsequent history of the case shows, it vomited no more, went to sleep, and under careful management and psychic treatment daily for a week it made a complete recovery.

A young man has had typhoid fever for eighteen days. He is unconscious. He has hemorrhages from the bowels and sinking spells every morning between 3 and 5 o'clock, and the physicians and family despair of his recovery, the nurse comes to consult me, on a Wednesday evening. She asks me if I can, by my psychic methods, help the patient in any way. I tell her that if the mother employs me to treat her son he will not have another hemorrhage, that he will escape the weak, sinking spells he has been having every morning, and that he will revive and make a safe recovery. She goes away, returns in an hour with orders from the mother to treat her son for twenty-four hours.

ery. She goes away, returns in an hour with orders from the mother to treat her son for twenty-four hours.

It is now 8 o'clock p.m., and I commence the treatment. The nurse returns next morning, reports a complete escape of the hemorrhage and sinking spell, and brings orders from the mother for two more days' treatment. I go on. The nurse reports again in forty-eight hours, no more hemorrhages, the patient has revived, is now conscious, and all are hopeful of his recovery. Under orders I continue the treatment for a week. The patient steadily improves, and makes a complete recovery. In this case we forbid the nurse telling any one that we were treating him. No one knew of it but the nurse and the mother.

A young man enters a hospital and submits to a surgical operation under the influence of chloroform. The chloroform sickens him and he vomits; this occurs on Friday, and on Saturday he is still vomiting, the surgeons being unable to arrest it. He continues to reject everything taken into his stomach up to Sunday afternoon, when all hopes seem to vanish and the life of the patient is despaired of by everybody.

His mother, frenzied with fear and anxiety, without saying a word about it to anyone, comes to me for advice. After being seated, in a hurried, excited manner she states the case, then looks up and asks me if, from my methods, there is any hope for her son's relief. Standing before her, I say, "Madam, do you want me to treat your son for perfect relief and quiet?"

"I certainly do, if you can help him," she responds.

I reach out my hands to her, earnestly looking her in the face and see

"I certainly do, if you can help him," she responds.

I reach out my hands to her, earnestly looking her in the face, and say, "Your son enjoys complete relief, is perfectly quiet, and will vomit no more."

She springs to her feet, takes me by the hands and exclaims, "O, I am so glad!"

The cure is made. I request her to tell no one about it till all is over, till the young man is well and strong again, and engage to treat him daily for a month, for quick and rapid recuperation, and ask her to report each day for awhile.

She goes away happy. She reports the next day, and, sure enough, the son has vomited no more, and is resting quietly. I treat him for a month and he makes a good recovery.

In the treatment of people suffering from mental aberrations, hallucinations, monomania, and insanity, psychic methods are attracting attention everywhere. In fact, they are proving to be the most successful means employed. We could report quite a number of interesting cases of this your advantage to mention Opportunity

our command and service, and will help us in class of ailments, but two typical cases should

our command and service, and will help us in class of ailments, but two typical cases should suffice as illustrations.

April 6th, 1907, a mother wrote me from a southern Oregon city, that her dear son was confined in an insane asylum, and had been there for many months; that he was getting no better, that no hope was given her by the officials of the asylum, and she wanted to know if I could by my Psychic Methods, help him, or restore him to his reason. After receiving a full history of this case I wrote the mother in substance, that I could restore her son's reason—cure him and restore him to her perfectly sane.

Upon the receipt of my letter she ordered me to

fectly sane.

Upon the receipt of my letter she ordered me to commence treating her son at once. He did not improve, that anybody could see, during the first month's treatment, but he did show signs of a return of his reason during the second month.

About the middle of June the father went to the asylum to see the son, and found that he had been improving rapidly for two or three weeks, and that he was perfectly sane. He could not return home at once, and wrote his wife about the son, and here is what she wrote me about the case:

son, and nere is what she wrote he about the case:

"Dear Dr. Pitzer: Referring to the intelligence my husband's letter brings me, which I enclose for your reading, how can I express to you the joy that is in my heart as I write you. The first feeling that swells in my heart is a deep thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for His goodness always; the second is that he led me to you.

"Language cannot express my great appreciation of your noble efforts in my son's behalf. All day long my prayer is, 'God bless Dr. Pitzer,' and I know he is doing it each day or you could not be so effective in your work. This has been such a perfect demonstration to me that I shall throw all my strength into this thought for some time to come. God has led me in so many things, and made it possible for me to be a help to his children, and now I see his guiding hand in this.

"You see, from reading my husband's letter, that while he was there our son was perfectly rational, talking of everything, and taking an interest in all of our home affairs. I cannot express to you how much I appreciate your great interest in him. With all the best wishes of a mother's grateful heart, I am, Sincerely yours,

Mrs. M., His Mother."

Mrs. M., His Mother.'

Mrs. M., His Mother."

A young man has been confined in an insane asylum for many months. Nothing helps him and no hope is held out for him. August 3rd, 1906, upon the positive statement from me to the mother that I can completely cure her son, I am ordered to treat him. I commence at once, but he does not improve in any way for several weeks; but, finally, he begins to show signs of improvement, keeps himself in a more tidy condition, takes more interest in people and things around him, and steadily improves each month till on July 25th, 1907, he is perfectly sane, reason restored, and his mother takes him from the asylum, and is a happy woman. She writes me as follows:

"Dear Dr. Pitzer: I brought my son home yes-

She writes me as follows:

"Dear Dr. Pitzer: I brought my son home yesterday. There has been such a change in him! He seems like himself. You are doing a wonderful thing for him. O, I am so happy! He reads and talks and seems to enjoy himself. He rides horseback a great deal, and seems to enjoy it. You certainly never did a greater work than you are doing for my son. I feel that we can never pay you enough. May God bless you in all your good work. Sincerely your friend, Sincerely your friend,

His Mother, Mrs. W

His Mother, Mrs. W."

All such cases as these should have peaceful, quiet surroundings, but, unfortunately, they are too often in company with, or in hearing of, others of this class. This is very wrong, and I have found that the sooner I can have such patients taken from asylums, and cared for and protected in quiet homes, the sooner I can restore them.

I am frequently asked if absent treatment is as effective as present personal treatment. To this question I reply that, other things being equal, it is just as good. Where the patient earnestly and willingly submits himself for the reception of the thoughts the operator may send out and the work is as faithfully done, then the treatment will be conducive of good results. In some cases, where patients have full confidence in suggestive methods, but are bothered by adverse auto-suggestion while taking present treatment, then ab-

sent treatment is even better than present treatment, for the absent patient should never know, objectively, what we suggest, and then he is not apt to antagonize us in any way.

Upon the orders of their friends we successfully treat many people for the relief of diseases, the correction of habits and freedom from vices, while the patients themselves know nothing about the efforts that are being made; they might only antagonize us if they did know it. We can and do frequently make as good cures where the patients know nothing about our efforts, as already stated, as when they know all about them. Furthermore, we can and do influence people for good when they apparently oppose us.

Environments may have a great deal to do in favor or against our success with absent treatment. The association of absent patients with doctors or laymen that are continuously referring to the nature and possible unfavorable termination of their ailments is almost fatal to all legitimate efforts that we may make, while the association with hopeful people who never indulge our patients in long stories about themselves or their diseases, but who encourage them at every turn, always helps us to the best possible results.

When absent patients know we are treating them, they can make their own environments, many times, and they will not, as a rule, permit people to drag them into discussions about their ailments against our instructions. But when they are antagonized by doubting and meddlesome memsome times available and successful, they are not to hold themselves en rapport with us.

Our object in advising present and absent patients to say nothing about this treatment except to friends who believe in it, is to prevent adverse, discouraging suggestions from people who know nothing about our methods. As patients grow better or get well, then they may tell those who inquire, all about our treatment, and recommend it to suffering people.

inquire, all about our treatment, and recommend it to suffering people.

It should be remembered that mental methods need not be confined to the treatment of patients at a great distance. We can use them with members of the family. Fathers and mothers can successfully treat their children by these methods while they may be sound asleep or while they are awake. It is all done on the principle that thoughts go where we send them and that they will reproduce their kind.

We can silently suggest good to our children and they will profit from it; and if the results do not always come up to our expectations the chances are that we have not been faithful in our work, for good results must come from legitimate efforts.

chances are that we have not been faithful in our work, for good results must come from legitimate efforts.

We may silently treat any of our friends by suggestion, no matter how closely we may be associated with them, and if we are faithful to the end we can influence them for good every time. We can relieve them of physical pain, mental distress, heal their diseases, and, if required, correct their morals and break them of bad, wicked or intemperate habits.

From all this it will be seen that mental methods are available at all times, in all places, and under all conditions. But, strange as it may seem, many people are ignorant of their potency. They have heard of the wonderful power of mind over matter, but they do not believe the truth. They cannot say with Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"I hold it true that thoughts are things.

"I hold it true that thoughts are things, Endowed with being, breath and wings, And that we send them forth to fill The world with good results or ill."

There are many highly educated, learned people, we should say, that are so material in their ideas that they cannot grasp the truth of the saying, as put by Prentice Mulford, that "Thought moves the world, moves man, is the source of progress and the architect of the universe." They cannot realize, as did Spurgeon, that "Good thoughts are blessed guests, and should be heartily welcomed, well fed and much sought after. Like rose leaves, they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory."

they give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory."
But, while many people seem to prefer ignorance to enlightenment, there are thousands of young, enterprising and good people who are accepting and rapidly coming into a knowledge of the truth. They can see that, while material methods are sometimes available and successful, they are not universally so, while mental efforts are always at

every case, and work perfect successes in thousands of cases where other means are not available, no matter about the time, distance, place or condition. And these methods of healing draw their patronage mostly from the higher and more progressive classes. They appeal to the wisest of men. Upon a moment's reflection, educated men and women see the sound philosophy underlying their principles, and no arguments are required to convince them of the reality of psychic treatment, and its potency in correcting material, as well as spiritual wrongs—healing the sick, correcting habits and reclaiming the fallen.

Our individual success in the practice of Psychic Treatment is explained by the knowledge gained of the science by long years of experience, the implicit confidence we have in our methods, and the regular, earnest and persistent manner in which we do the work.

This practice is a living truth with us. People who do not understand it may be undecided about the reality of mental telepathy, the transmission of thought, the power of suggestion over mental and physical conditions, and wonder at the results of psychic treatment, but this only encourages us. Why not? Our experience should be equal to the best, for we have carefully treated more patients by purely psychic methods than any healer in America, and our thousands of successes are so many living witnesses to our claims, Mental telepathy, thought transference, and the power of subconscious forces, are common demonstrations with us. We know their guiding virtues and healing powers. They give us the objective use of our intuitions, and make us able to tell people what we can do for them, and to successfully treat them at their homes, all by psychic or absent methods. When they request it, I treat absent patients at a special hour, as agreed upon, as in the case of Mr. Hazen, but I prefer to deliver absent treatments to my patients at an hour they know nothing of. In fact, I regard this as being very much the best method. I engage to be with them at their homes,

efforts."

I assure her that she is perfectly correct, and that I will cure her by absent treatment. She commences at once. I give her the necessary hygienic instructions, and treat her every night, at an hour when she may be asleep and objectively know nothing about it. In two weeks the color of the eruption is greatly faded, in one month she is nearly well, in two months she is entirely well, free from eruption and irritation; skin smooth and clean.

In acute, painful and serious cases of sickness, people frequently order treatment by telegraph or special delivery mail, and the moment such orders are sent out they reach me, and patients begin to

receive benefits at once.

Some cases are quickly cured by suggestion, while others require more time. But time should not be considered; at least we should be willing, if necessary, to give these methods as much time as may have been spent in fruitless efforts with material means.

Good results only should be thought of in our efforts to cure by suggestion, and they will be realized all the sooner if we only patiently and trustfully wait, after dropping all anxiety about

when they shall come. Let us say as did John Burroughs:

when they shall come. Let us say as did John Burroughs:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, nor tide nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me."

We include all their ailments, with great care, in the daily treatment of each of our absent patients; and we always close our treatments with an earnest appeal to their subconscious minds to guide them aright in every objective thought, move or effort they may make. We urge their subconscious minds to instinctively lead them to say and to do, at all times and in all places, that which will help them most, and protect them from evil influences of every kind. This insures the very best possible results from every effort we may make; and we do know that these earnest appeals, like so many fervent prayers, sent to our patients every day, with confidence and trust, are invaluable, and if we persistently keep them up, we are just as certain of success, as sure to realize the conditions we want—correct habits, perfect health, prosperity and happiness—as we are that the grass in the field comes up and grows luxuriantly under the influence of the daily sunshine and continued to the end, its possibilities are inconceivable; and there is no treatment with which we are acquainted that approaches it for quick relief, general success, and permanency of cure. And, furthermore, it is perfectly safe, available at all times, in all places, and in the treatment of all kinds of ailments, acute, chronic, functional and organic diseases, including the correction of habits and freedom from vices, and the restoration of insane people to their reason.

TERMS FOR ABSENT TREATMENTS

One month, thirty daily treatments, in advance, \$10.00.

Special cases extra, as may be agreed upon.

Some people think they must see me before they commence treatment. This is a great mistake. I can treat you just as successfully if I never see you, as if I should see you a hundred times. Many of my best cures have been made with people that I have never seen. Give me a full description of your condition in your letter ordering treatment, I will do the rest, and you will be pleased with the results.

In all cases where more than one month's treatment is required, we should receive the order to continue treatment before or about the time engaged for previous treatment expires. We do not solicit renewals; we leave this for our patients to decide for themselves, but when asked we advise what we know to be best. Neither do we annoy our correspondents by sending them circulars or letters they do not ask for.

Address GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.,

1045 S. Union Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

From THOMSON JAY HUDSON, LL. D., Washington, D. C. Author of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena."

Dear Dr. Pitzer:

I have now finished the second careful reading of your book (Suggestion) and I do not intend to flatter you when I say that I am delighted with it. Everything is so clear and concise that anybody can understand it. What you have said about absent treatment is eminently right and practical. I am glad to be able to send you patients once in a while, and I shall take great pleasure in referring my applicants for absent treatment to you; and I assure you that I would not do so did I not repose perfect confidence in your ability and integrity. I congratulate you on your success, and I do so all the more heartily since I know it is deserved. Respectfully,

THOMSON JAY HUDSON.

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sion and one that is

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The people are tired of drugs and for this reason flock to the Food Scientist who can cure them by removing the causes of disease. My own work in this line has out-grown my personal capacity and I have de-cided to teach my methods to a limited num-

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Eugene Christian

President of

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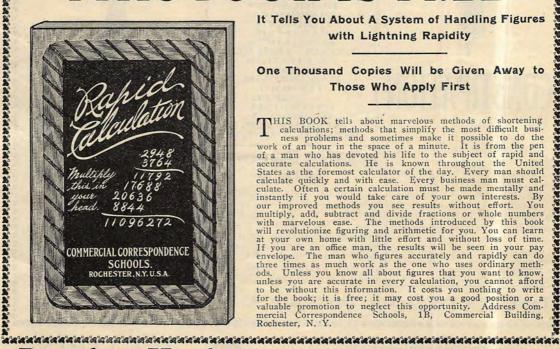
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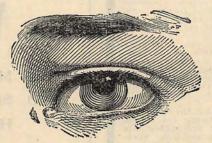
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By HARRIET META

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You can know how to plan for weeks, months, years ahead. Your life is not the product of Luck. Success should attend your efforts if they are guided by Astrology. You should be in possession of the reading I offer to send you free. It will demonstrate my ability. You will be astonished and surprised that a perfect stranger can know you so well. You, in writing to me, are communicating with one who has made Astrology a Life Work. All that could enrich knowledge of it has been taken advantage of. I have visited Rome, Athens, Palestine and elsewhere to fully equip reself for my Mission of Helpfulness. Institutions of learning have honored me with Membership and have listened my lectures. Years of experience, gained while seeking to guide thousands of persons, have enlarged my knowledge, giving me the power to be of the best value to my clients.

By my System you can know the kind of persons for you to have advantageous relationships with. The seasons that may be used with great profit to yourself will be indicated. You will be shown what will be best for your health. As you desire to succeed in the affairs of men, of business, of love, of family, of society, of honor and of usefulness, you should be sensible and write me, confidentially, at once. You know of persons high on the Roll of Fame who are frequently consulting Astrology when they wish to speculate or to embark in new enterprises. This same Science is at your disposal. Will you seek its help or will you continue to be outstripped by those who are no brainier than you, but who know what to do and when to do it. That is why they win.

Three letters of gratitude are here printed. While all letters are confidential and are so considered, these people were so grateful that they insisted on recommending me to others. What I have done for others is an assurance of what may be done for you. Your life may be cheered

my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work.



MISS BERTHA AXT

Newark, N. J., Feb. 11, 1907.

Dear Mr. Postel:

My marriage took place just as you predicted and I am the happiest woman in the world. In following your advice, I married the only man to make life a grand success for me. I feel that you are the one really great Astrologer to whom the American people should turn for advice and counsel. Everything you predicted in my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work. My friends are all sending to you for their Horoscopes.

Sincerely your friend and patron, Bertha Axt.

Everything you predicted in Says his Horoscope is worth \$100.00



MR. A. BROAD

Brandon, Man., Can. April 3, 1907.

Prof. Postel,
My Dear Sir:
My Horoscope is the best instrument of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. * * * I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me, unless I was sure that I would get another one as accurate as this one. * I feel as though it is my duty to help my fellow men along, and on these grounds I will agree to answer any inquiries upon receipt of a two-cent stamp to cover postage. I remain, Yours very truly,
A. Broad,
Real Estate Agent.

Says she followed my advice and secured a position at a much higher salary than she anticipated.



MISS BERGILOT HORNE Lynchburg, Va. March 1, 1907.

March 1, 1907.

New York, N. Y.

I write to inform you that I am indeed thankful that I received my Horoscope from you just when I did. I followed your advice and succeeded in securing a position at a much higher salary than I anticipated. I consider the Horoscope worth hundreds of dollars to me, and wish you much success in your grand work.

I took the trip to Europe and many things happened just as you said. Sincerely yours,

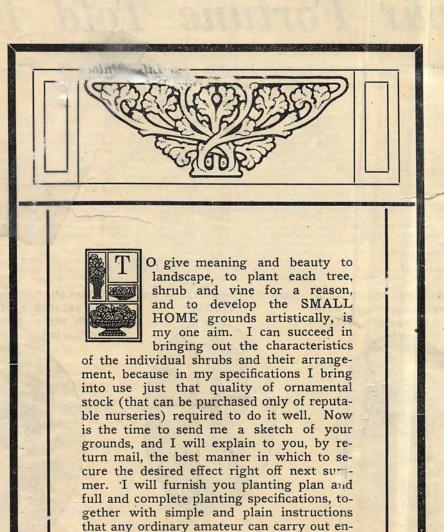
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Some have written me because they were curious. My Reading has convinced them. They are now in constant consultation with me. They are now most willing to be guided by me.

When you write state the day, month and year of your birth. Also sex; if single, widow or widower. It does not matter what your religion, your position in life, the ordeals you have passed through. Astrology will aid you in all matters. There is before you an offer of great value to you. Show your appreciation of it.

My Reading of your Life will make you my friend. You will endorse me to others. In this way I will get pay for my Free Reading. If you wish you may enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work. However, the reading will be promptly sent, whether you enclose the 10 cents or not.

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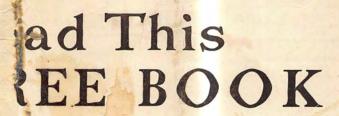
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